The Blessed Life

William A. Quayle

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H. B. SCOLES

AND please return it. You may think this a strange request to make, but although many of my friends are poor arithmeticians they are nearly all good bookkeepers.—Scott.

THE BLESSED LIFE

The Blessed Life

BEING A SERIES OF MEDITATIONS ON MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD IN CHRIST

BY

WILLIAM A. QUAYLE

"When I became a man, I put away childish things"
"I knew a man in Christ"

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ONE WORD

To the Reader of "The Blessed Life"

In writing these chapters on "The Blessed Life," my object has been to help Christians, specially young Christians, to lift up their eyes and behold both the terrestrial and celestial aspects of a holy life, and to enforce the solidarity of Christian experience, so as to make the heart beat high in sane exultancy at what we are and are to be, "whose life is hid with Christ in God."

WILLIAM A. QUAYLE

THE PRAYER

Blessed Christ, because Thou lovest us, our lives grow glad; and we sing because we must. We would not be laggard in our praise nor love, nor promises nor supplyings of loyalty to God our Savior. We honestly want to love Thee, for this is our logical service. May we not be belated in any good design, nor shamed from any moral or religious task. Keep Thou us from the high crime and misdemeanor of religious inertness. Make us to be fervent in spirit, because there burns hot within us the love of Christ that passeth knowledge.

To this end of making our lives more courageous, invigorating, ingratiating, thoughtful, beautiful, and useful, bless these words written on "The Blessed Life." He who wrote them, Thou knowest, loves Thee and would humbly pray for grace to love Thee more, and would be a hand to beckon and to lead others into like precious faith, until the day break and the shadows flee away.

Bless this book, therefore, blessed, blessed Master. Send it out to be big with ministry of love and inspiration for the glory of God the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, in the name of Christ. Amen.

CHAPTER I

Christianity's Point of Power

"Who loved me and gave Himself for me"

SOUL

The soul is not like harp of gold,
  That waits the touch of dreamer's hands
To wake its music sweet and old,
  As memories brought from distant lands.

The soul is like a warrior brave,
  Who sights the foe, and fears him not;
Who laughs at death, and scorns the grave,
  And shouts, "I have with heroes fought."

GOD'S number is one. The science of numbers is one among many common things, so apparently simple, so actually complex and mysterious as to lose him who attempts the perplexing subject. All of us studied arithmetic. We learned that numbers ran from one to duodevigintillions and beyond; that they were addible, subtractible, multiplicable, divisible; that by them stars' masses and movements are computable, and—what else did we learn? Did we know why? Could we discover, and do we know, how nine digits and a naught climb into myriads? There lies the philosophy of numbers; and who affects to have mastered it? or, if he so affect, has he? Numbers are mysterious as cohesion and alphabets. We think we can figure; but can we figure in the gigantic way? No; we are children cipherers yet. We can enumerate and add, but know how to do little, very, very little more. The case stands thus: We can see a fact, but can elaborate no theory. We do know that

one is the miracle among the numerals. One is the fertile number, sowing mathematics down with intricate combinations. This is strange and very true. Leave the theory; pass to the fact. With this we must deal; with the other we can not deal. Our faculties fall short for such prodigious effort.

Now, this unit idea belongs to God, and is revolutionary in society. The mass bewilders men. Magnitude is their ideal. It they worship, and to it build shrines. From the huge men pass to the little. A kingdom—they magnify that. A state is their dream and goal. Those large things they think worthy. They pass by man to men. God does the reverse. He passes from men to man, from state to individual, and rises again from man to states. Risk God. He knows. He knows the philosophy of numbers, seeing he invented numbers and their properties and their applications. Men must swing back to God's method and initiative. Christianity deals with the integer. God does not save *men*, but saves a *man*. Christ is the great Specialist, and he is leaving a multitude to arrive at a man. This method is revolutionary,

upsetting men's doings old as history as Christ overturns the tables of the money-changers in the temple's courts. Strange that men did not know how to initiate reform. Strange they do not know the first syllable of a constructive process. Strange, but true. Men said, a race; Christ said, a man.

Here is Christianity's point of power, *the individual.* He is basilar. Out of individuals you can build church, society, governments, as out of stones you can build cathedrals, bridges, cities. Christ begins at the basis of society. This looks like statesmanship, and is what it looks like. A consideration of this generic method will prove profitable. Through the gospel we have become so familiarized with this process as to feel no wonder on looking at it, though the wonder is still there. Christianity, taught of Christ, has a gospel for a man; not for society as such. Nothing in Christ's method amazes and stimulates me more, nor more moves me to supreme passion for the gospel's Christ. Christ—in his birth, growth, temptation, struggle, mastery, miracles of goodness and teaching, Gethsemane, Golgotha, grave,

resurrection, ascension, session—Christ did as he did and all he did for the salvation of a single man. All of this, not less by one poor scruple, was essential to get one sinner out of sin into holiness and God. How prodigious the effort required for one man's redemption! How that thought burns on the soul! Put it thus: All this passion of the Savior that I might have life and have it more abundantly. Thus does the love of Christ lift into its regal proportions and amazing loveliness. Paul glories in this thought, and puts it reverently, as if it were a prayer, saying, "Who loved *me* and gave himself for *me*." This is the unspeakable grace of God that he deals with me as if he and I were equals: "Gave himself for me." We miss the magnitude of God's love for the individual by the world idea. We scatter it and the personal persuasion and obligation; though, to be sure, we gain in the world conception, yet in so gaining we lose in individual conception. "Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man"—a wide, celestial notion unquestionably, but one which, in its ampleness, in effect lessens our sense

of personal debt. "Who loved me," is the appealing putting of redemption. *All* was essential to my personal salvation.

God called Samuel by name, saying, "Samuel, Samuel!"—a scene he is perpetually repeating, if we understand his method. Christ was heard of a proud and persecuting Pharisee calling, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Jesus saw Levi sitting at the receipt of custom, and said, "Follow me." Thus did he get all of his disciples. So did he heal. He dealt not with congregations, but with units. If he healed them all, he did it by a personal faith of each and by a personal attention on the part of Christ to each. Jesus' disciples marveled that he talked with the Syrian woman at the well; but if they had been wise, their wonder would have been had he not talked to her. His appeal was not to Samaria, but to a Samaritan. In this individualizing process of Christ is something unspeakably precious. We are not lost in this throng. He knows who touches him, as the woman creeping nigh him, thinking by stealth to get her healing, found herself healed

and detected. She could not be hid when he looked for her; so we find ourselves, in the plan of redemption, found out of God.

One of Jesus' sayings which I wear on my breast as if it were a star of some royal order is, "He calleth his own sheep by name." Is anything more tender, or so tender? God calleth the stars by their names; but he named them. But our names are given by others than God. Yet so he calls us by name. I will thank him for that mercy while I live. I recall an old German, whose tongue had not learned the mastery of our American speech, but whose heart and head had learned the blessed language of the kingdom of God; and he, at a love-feast, rising in his place, said, brokenly, but with a sweet tenderness, which had been gracious even in a woman: "He calls *me* by my name; for he calleth his own sheep by name. And I love him—and he loves me—and I know him—and he knows me—and he will say, now and some day—some good, good day [when he choked a little for holy laughter, mixed with tears] some day he will call me by my name in heaven, saying, 'Jacob, Jacob.'" How sweet and ac-

curate and profound withal was the old German's theology; for so Jesus "calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out."

Here, too, belongs the emphasis the gospel places on responsibility. "Let every one bear his own burden;" "Judge not, lest ye be judged;" in other words, Stand for yourself. "Take heed to thyself and thy doctrine." "Hold fast that thou hast." "I" is the personal pronoun of the Book of God. We can not divide responsibility; no shifting of burdens. Peter met his post-resurrection rebuke because he forgot this. "What shall this man do?" is his eager, half-fraternal, half-curious inquiry, to receive this positively frigid reply from Jesus: "What is that to thee? Follow thou me." Not to conceive the individuality element in Christianity is to blot Christianity out. This horizon rests on our shoulders; the cause of God is our personal burden. It is so with cross and blessing. "Take up thy cross and follow me," is the penetrative Christ-appeal to the solitary soul. What does Christianity propose to do for and in this individual, of which the gospel makes so much and whom the gospel raises to such amazing heights?

The answer near at hand and usual is, Christianity means to make the individual a Christian; this of course, and necessarily. This reply seems to me an egregious blunder. Than this, as I see it, nothing is more foreign to God's plan. The definition given would make Christianity ultimate, would transfer it into a goal. This misapprehension of the function of Christianity is hoary. The centuries have been saying this in reiteration. We have talked much of saints, assuming the gospel proposed to produce saints. This misapprehension is of a piece with the other. Christ proposed, as an objective, neither to create Christians nor saints. If he had, then might the world flout Christianity as a visionary and a skyey influence, indiscreet and irrelevant. Now, what Christianity means to do is to recreate men. Christianity in such a view becomes not an end, but a means. *Christianity is God's method of making men.* This is Christ's goal in the soul. What God created when the world was new was a man in his own image. What God wishes to recreate in us by the new birth, "not of flesh, nor of blood, nor of man, but of God," is a new man. God purposes peopling

a redeemed world with a redeemed manhood and womanhood, and in time to transplant these into the heavenly citizenship. With this understanding of the purposes of the gospel, Paul declares: "Till we all come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

Christianity's point of power is the individual, with clear intent to restore him to humanity and God, so that he may serve God and man in newness of spirit. Therefore Christianity touches the individual, and clings to him as if he were its soul's unutterable love.

A PRAYER

MY Lord and my God, Thou dost know ME and love ME! The story is past, far past belief, unless Thyself hadst told it. Jesus came from heaven to bear the message, intrusting it to none, because had any other brought it we had felt sure the message was changed, deranged, mistaken; but Jesus came from far, with dyed garments from Bozrah, and message and Messenger said, God loveth thee. Jesus stopped on the world's street to speak to ME, and I became as one transfigured. My cares, my pleasures, my toils, my tears, my achievements, my aspirings, my fears, my losses, my gains; my prayers, multitudinous as clouds; my praises, often belated like a weary traveler,—all are of consequence to Him. They are as if they were not mine, but His. How can this thing be? And yet, thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift. He knows me as my mother would. No more, my soul, say no word more. Kneel and look God's way, and let thy heart's silence sing psalms to him, and thy lips, though unopened, shout hallelujahs. Amen.

CHAPTER II

Christianity's Theory

"Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named"

MY HOME

"I go to prepare a place for you"

He told it me, the blessed Christ of God,
The while Love's Paschal sobbed itself away
And earth's dark night did melt into the gray
Of that illustrious morning. I can plod
Life's way in hopelessness no more. The rod
Heaven holds will lead me weary to the day
Whose light pales not to evening, where we stray
Like children spent with joy. Not now a clod,
But prince and son for whom this dwelling rare
Was fashioned. Winds like laughter stray. The streams
Are golden with delight. The shades are peace
And bloom with mercy. High God's hills and fair.
My home! The beauty of a poet's dream
Pales and must pale before this sweet surcease.

"HOME," as known to moderns, is as plainly an invention of God as the sunlight is. Jewry and Christianity must, in history, be credited with the only home-life worthy the name. Whatever the vicissitudes of the Divine idea of family, that idea has made its way across the centuries. Believers in God know the family is a Divine institution; for the Scriptures tell how, when the world-house was completed and declared by its Designer to be "very good," then he put the housekeepers in; and these were one man and one woman, whose blood and love and interests were one. Polygamy and the consequent subordination of woman crept into and poisoned society, becoming at once the marks and the makers of its debauchery; and this lawlessness of polygamy was one of the things God "in the time of men's ignorance winked at." But when the Mosaic system had worked its meaning, though we have no memorabilia of the change, polygamy was banished as effectually

as idolatry, so that in the days of Jesus monogamy was universally prevalent among the sons of Abraham. In other words, the family idea had worked its way back to a normal and original state. But whether a man believes in God or not, or accepts or rejects the Scriptures as inspired truth, one thing every student of ethnology and anthropology must and does allow; namely, that at the first glimpse of history, as of man, the family existed. However crude or perverted, the family idea was present and dominant.

The love of one man for one woman, and one woman for one man, is indigenous to the soul and ineradicable. The history of polygamy is the strongest argument for monogamy. God joined one man and one woman together. He did this, not as an external fact, but as a disposition of the soul. Sex is a stable and omnipotent fact in human affairs. Since man is man and woman is woman, therefore they belong each to the other, and must. And they belong one to one; therefore "these twain shall be one flesh," is the solemn affirmation of all drama

and all history. The family, in its rational form, is husband, wife, child, and forms the only possible basis of civilization. Jacob's polygamy illustrates the inhuman element of such a state. He loved Rachel and slighted Leah, which led to heartache and recrimination between these sisters; the reason being, polygamy is a sin against nature. Polygamy is spurious. Nature abhors it, and history condemns it. Jacob's love for Rachel is as beautiful as any poem; but polygamy rent his home and stole away its serenity and delight, and perpetuated the quarrel between the women by naturally and necessarily communicating itself to their children. Jacob's unwise favor for Joseph grew out of his passionate love for Rachel; and so the ten sons leagued against the one.

The family idea is the progressive form of individuality. The unit is central as the first discoverable truth in Christianity. The unit tends to association and refuses solitude; this dictum being, "It is not good for man to live alone," as was God's verdict. It is God's verdict, and it is man's. Enoch Arden, we are

told by his poet biographer, in exile from his wife and babe,

"Dwelt in eternal summer ill content."

This is the human hunger and the heart instinct. So the first disposition of the individual is to seek association. Sex instinct conjoined to the social instinct tends to produce the family; and society is patterned after the family, the family constituting what is, to most of us, the dearest place on earth—home—about which cluster the loveliest and most endearing memories of life.

Family and home are the central thoughts in Christianity. The Church of God is a family—part here, part there, but a family still; one in a winter, the other in the summer land, but a family and one family—and bearing the name of Christ, as says the Scripture, "Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." We know the family to have a father, mother, sister, brother. This Christianity has. The Church is our home. God is our Father. Christ is our Elder Brother. We ourselves are brethren. Nothing can be more assured than that Christianity is a family in all its endearing moods

and tenses. Jesus taught us to say, "Our Father which art in heaven;" therefore Christianity believes in the Fatherhood of God, a doctrine now commonplace to triteness, but, when enunciated by our Savior, new, radical, unbelievable. This utterance destroyed classes at a word. Class distinction can not live in such an atmosphere. Children are equal in family rights. God as a Father is love. As John says, "God is love," and in himself combines paternity and maternity. The heart must have mother-love. We dare not omit it. All hearts are hungry for that. For this reason Mariolatry in Roman Catholicism has had such an appeal to life. We can readily perceive the reason of its vogue. But in God is motherhood as certainly as fatherhood. Fatherhood is strength, motherhood is tenderness; but God is both, seeing he "taketh up the isles as a very little thing," and "the Lord pitieth his children." Shorthouse, in "John Inglesant," says this tender and truthful word, "Only the infinite pity is equal to the infinite pathos of human life;" and pity is a maternal quality abundant in God, for does not the Scripture say, "When thy father and mother forsake thee,

then the Lord will take thee up?" Then we see how full Jesus was of this feminine quality. He, seeing the lonely widow following alone the bier of her only son, "had compassion on her," even as he saw the multitude and had compassion on them, because he saw that they were "as sheep having no shepherd." God is "strong to deliver." He is "a Sun and Shield" and "a very present help in trouble." Help and hearing are his. "O thou that hearest prayer, to thee shall all flesh come."

Besides, the gospel is called by Jesus a marriage; for Christ told how a king made a marriage for his son; and in the explanation of the parable we affirm that the parties of the marriage are Christ and man and signify the incarnation wherein God wedded himself to man's flesh, experience, and life in indissoluble wedlock, seeing Christ shall through all eternity be "the God-Man, Christ Jesus." Christ is our Elder Brother; and John knows, "Now are we the sons of God," and in consonance with this relation find the apostles' speech. Paul calls Philemon the master, and Onesimus the slave, both brethren, naming Philemon "brother" and

Onesimus "the brother beloved;" and writes, "I commend to you Phœbe our sister;" and the Church is addressed as "holy brethren;" and Peter calls Paul by the endearing name of "brother," saying, "As our beloved brother Paul hath written." And holding fast to the family idea, with its subsequent fraternal injunction, is, "Greet one another with a holy kiss," meaning, clearly, Treat each other as members of one household. And the apocalyptic angel, when John would have worshiped him, forbade, saying, "I am of thy brethren." We are told we are "of the household of faith," and the love-feast (*agape*) in the Church is sign of a home, where sister and brother, in their Father's home, break bread together. And Jesus carries the idea far into the eternal life, saying: "Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also. In my Father's house are many mansions." And this is "Our Father which art in heaven;" and who does not know where Father is, is home? Heaven is our home.

Christianity is a brotherhood because Chris-

tianity is a family. This thought is prevalent in all the gospel. Christians are enjoined not to go to law with each other because they are brethren. St. James is fierce in his denunciation of a Christian who makes a difference between a brother of high and a brother of low degree. Hear him say: "For if there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool; are ye not then partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts?" "But if ye have respect to persons, ye commit sin." All this plainly because, as between brothers in one household, there can be no distinctions, and James will rightly inquire, "How dwelleth the love of God in him" who does after this fashion? In other words, seeing God is the Father, and seeing rich and poor are brethren, how dare we show petty preferences? The slave and the master are brethren, as Paul shows Philemon.

The apostolic hortatory of masters as to the

treatment due their servants is based on the self-evident family tie existing between slave and master as both being sons of God and, therefore, brothers to each other.

Yet in the family relation each member retains his individuality in character and service. So in the family of Christ we name the Church, all have not the same office. Individuality is not infringed upon. The integer retains its magnitude and authority and obligation. The unit is not swallowed up in the Church, but rather given wider field for play of all his powers in their redeemed and amazing vigor. Christianity fosters individuality in and because of a family idea, and not in spite of it. Paul says: "And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ: till we all come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." Here, then, is evident severalty in office and occupation. Let each member of this household

of faith find his bent and follow it so that no waste of power may ensue.

Now, the Church is the visible home of this family in Christ; therefore to be loved, lauded, and held to with holy tenacity. They who attack the Church and minify its work and office have not gotten at God's meaning. Home must not be berated. So the Church must not be berated nor belittled. Jesus called the Jewish temple "my Father's house," which gives the meaning of the Church of God. "My house shall be called the house of prayer;" namely, a place where sons and daughters shall converse with their Father, even God, and hold communion one with another. Therefore is the house of God holy.

A home here and a home yonder. Such is the teaching of the gospel of Christ, and we can not deny that it is sweet, helpful, and inspiring. Trust the poet to reveal the heart-thought of this dear word:

"When daily tasks are done, and tired hands
Lie still and folded on the resting knee,
When loving thoughts have leave to loose their bands,
And wander over past and future free;

When visions bright of love and hope fulfilled
Bring weary eyes a spark of olden fire;
One castle fairer than the rest we build,
One blessing more than others we desire;
A home, our home, wherein all waiting past,
We two may stand together, and alone;
Our patient taskwork finished, and at last
Love's perfect blessedness and peace our own.
Some little nest of safety and delight,
Guarded by God's good angels day and night.

We can not guess if this dear home shall lie
In some green spot embowered with arching trees,
Where bird-notes joined with brook-notes gliding by,
Shall waken music while we sit at ease,
Or if amid the city's busy din
Is built the nest for which we look and long,
No sound without shall mar the peace within,
The calm of love that time has proved so strong;
Or if—ah! solemn thought!—this house of ours
Doth lie beyond the world's confusing noise,
And if the nest be built in Eden's bowers,
What do we still but silently rejoice?
We have a home, but of its happy state
We know not yet. We are content to wait."

For the home thought in Christianity, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name!"

A PRAYER

O our God, be our soul's sky, into which tall pine-trees grow and where fly the soaring and the singing birds; where clouds float with water for the thirsty ground; where the stars cluster and the shadows fall for sleep; where walk the ruddy dawns, and where the sunsets glow,—be our sky.

Be our sky, whose dawns beckon and whose spaces are invitations, and whose silences make for prayer, and where Thou makest the goings forth of the morning to sing.

Be our sky of hope, of morning, when it is black night—starless, void; be room for our growth and sun for making our broad daylight, so that though we run, we shall not stumble, and so that at eventide it shall be light. Amen.

CHAPTER III

Christianity's Increment of Power

"Our citizenship is in heaven"

A PRAYER

TRUMPET Thy call at morn, my slumbers break,
My dreams dispel, and bid my opening eyes to see
What lieth near my hands for doing. Free
Me from my lethargy and blindness; wake
My conscience that it sleep no more nor shake
A craven when the danger shocks. Decree
Some service arduous and harsh; and me
Enstrengthen that my task I undertake.
And then through all the weary, vexing day
Give Thou me patience that with simple trust
I hold to God, my *Consolator* and
Reward, and learn to labor while I pray,
And make of life a psalm as goodness must;
And thus my day to leave in God's good hand.

THE God of arithmetic is the God of grace. Figures congregate. They add and multiply. They are gregarious like migratory birds. So the human integer. To be alone is opportunity; to remain alone is death. "No man liveth to himself" is the formula capable of being interpreted, No man can live alone. The family is the state in which man is born, and looks back to the individual and forward to society. So man, the unit, is meant for men, the multiple. His explanation is, he is for society. The hermit sins against the main movement of his being. He means well and does ill. Man is, so to say, a pilgrim; and his destination is society. He may die on the way; he may grow weary of the pilgrimage and cease his journey; he may become pessimist and live anchorite, like Timon of Athens; or he may fight society like an insane soldier who wars against his own comrades—yet none of these miscarriages invalidate the statement of his destiny. He was meant for

society as trees are meant for the woodland. Society never eliminates the integer, but contains him. A man, virile, creative, energized of God, is as much himself and as distinct in the midst of ten thousands as if he lived in some forest, solitary as Thoreau. The attrition of society may wear away the individuality of the human weakling, but ought not, and, with a spirit of reasonable integrity to his own birthright, will not. Just as islands in an archipelago, buffeted by angry waters of an insolent ocean, each retains a profile like no other, but all its own. Oceans were not able to tame the island's personality. We belong to the world—in it, not out of it. Sir Percivale was wrong, and King Arthur was right. For good men to become bewitched and retire from social life, whether ecclesiastical, political, or purely social, is to play truant; aye, and coward. To stay where one is needed is the essence of soldiership. To flee when danger shocks is to be a poltroon. King Arthur staid, did duty, met defeat, died, but played the man, served his generation, and his deed was his reward. We are not, in Christianity, to look frigidly on

movements for human betterment or deterioration. The cause is ours. We are sentinels walking this beat, and are responsible for what happens. This social instinct is in us as cohesion is in atoms; and in life or death we can not be rid of it.

Now, if one were asked to name the special human marvel of Jesus' plans as they shine out in the gospel, I think it would be this: His use of man as he is, to lift him to what he is to be. Deranged man is like some jangled instrument of music, having in him the principles and all the principles of recovery to excellency and virtue, these being not destroyed, but damaged. Christ uses man's normal faculties in recovering him to God. You find that Christ never made appeal to any faculty man was not accustomed to use in his daily life—such as faith, self-sacrifice, devotion, love. This gospel *invented* no quality of soul, but redeemed all of them—gave them a new birth, not physically, but spiritually, and then directed them, or, as we may say, headed them toward God. This thought applies to man's social instincts. Man had sure social propensions, and these Christ sublimated and

makes holy, calls to sainthood, by which is meant saintly manhood and womanhood. Man, as Christian, is not less a man or woman, but rather more. He is not more ascetic, but rather less. He does not lose interest in time and earth and folks, but gains immensely in his interest in all of them. Each Christian is redeemed for society in earth and society in heaven.

And here our thought coalesces progressively with an observation made regarding man, the unit. Christianity was then affirmed to be, not an end, but a means. From this premise follows this observation: The Church is not an end, but an intermediary. Canon Freemantle has, I think, clearly shown that the Church is not final, and that the real finality of the gospel is to produce and renovate society through elevating manhood and womanhood. In such a view, the Church, on becoming universal, would disappear, its universality being its vanishing-point. This is what the Roman pontiffs had in mind, doubtless. They saw that the province of the gospel was to conquer society, take the world under the ideal sovereignty of Jesus. The Church would become universal. Spiritual

things are important above temporal things, as all the voices of the Scripture attest. God is above Governments; and how easily and how naturally grew the misconception of the temporal sovereignty of the Church! Those early Christian statesmen were not far wrong; nay, they were all but wholly right. The Church is God's kingdom set up among men, and is meant for extension and, as Christians know, for universality and, therefore, for ascendency over all else—but not as the Roman pontiffs supposed. Their error was the supposing that society redeemed was to form a Church, whereas in fact society, as redeemed, would inevitably eliminate the Church. The Church is instrumental, and, if its services could be wholly performed, would pass away like the ceremonial law. Ecclesiasticism finds it hard to see its own limitations and adjust itself to them. The Church is not the end. God wants "a peculiar people;" and the Church is his method of achieving this result. Of course, society in its entirety never will affiliate with Christ, therefore will the Church never be swallowed up in its desire; namely, a renovated and purified society. None

the less, however, is the need among us to see how society, and not the Church, is climax of all holy effort.

"Neglect not the assembling of yourselves together," is the injunction. Keep the social instinct alive, is the meaning. Talk to each other about God, so shall ye become more neighborly with God and with each other. Devote yourselves to society, both for your own sake and for others' sake, is the spirit of the Christian command as received from "One who is our Master, even Christ."

To expand this idea: The Christian is to make the very most of himself for everything tending to social weal. He is a Christian to the end that the world may be recovered to God and to itself. How exalted is the Christian's business and vocation! This is, in truth, a "heavenly calling," and we are in "heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

We have not caught the wider application of our vocation. We are, in fact, licensed recoverers of society, and are capable for the work since Christ is our help, and we "can do all things through Christ that strength-

eneth us." We are not to moan, but to live. Mrs. Browning has this noble sonnet pressing this truth home:

"Methinks we do as fretful children do,
Leaning their faces on the window-pane
To sigh the glass dim with their own breath's stain,
And shut the sky and landscape from their view;
And thus, alas! since God the Maker drew
A mystic separation 'twixt those twain,
The life beyond us, and our souls in pain,
We miss the prospect which we're called unto
By grief we're fools to use. Be still and strong,
O man, my brother! hold thy sobbing breath,
And keep thy soul's large window pure from wrong,
That so, as life's appointment issueth,
Thy vision may be clear to watch along
The sunset consummation-lights of death."

The Christian is at the storm center. He is as a man who sits in the general's councils and helps to plan campaigns and sieges and set up governments and collect revenue and levy taxes. He must be intense in interest, therefore. He is interested, not simply in his Church, or in his city, or in his commonwealth, or in his own country, but is interested in the islands of the sea and the farthest Thule. Society is his concern. He is interested, not in the Anglo-Saxon,

nor the Teuton, nor the Slav, nor the Gael, nor the Ethiopian, nor the Malay, but is interested in all of them. There are no geographical nor ethnographical boundaries in his estimation of peoples. All are "bought with a price, even the precious blood of Christ." Man is his specialty. He is interested in the illiterate as in the learned, in the slums as well as in the rich—interested in them all. He leaves nothing out of his reckoning. All are God's, and all are his neighbors and friends. He will not ask where men were born, nor how they were reared, but will be eager to know whether they are born of God, to the end that their "citizenship may be in heaven," which is the only credential to genuine citizenship on earth. Or, if they be not born of God, his sleepless effort is to the end that they may "walk in the light as God is in the light," and so may have "fellowship one with another and the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, may cleanse them from all sin." The Christian man is seen, then, to be interested in education, civilization, sociology, politics, in the Church and the individual. These are provinces in his bailiwick. He must not play the moral prude, and say, "I

am a Christian, and can not meddle with these matters," but must, in self-understanding and with comprehension of his high destiny as a Christian, say, "I am a Christian; therefore my interest in all of these matters, and all others touching the bettering of the race, is at summer heat always." The Christian cares for the public schools. He wants them, not sectarian, but moral. If he honors his God, he must stand for the Bible in the common schools, since God must not be put out of his own heritage. He is a student in sociology, in theory, and in practice. He wants Christ's methods introduced into society, and not sorry parodies of those methods. He is political economist because Christianity creates commerce, since it multiplies wants. Missionary enterprises do more to create trade than all the propagandism of statesmen. Make man or woman a Christian, and he begins to need refinements as well as necessities. He will build and adorn his house; he will read books; he will covet pictures and refining agencies. And the Christian is a political economist because of his love for his Master.

And of course he is politician. He must

vote; for bad men will. He must vote for God. He holds the ballot for the betterment of all mankind. Let him not be puerile and say, "I have no interest in politics," or, "Politics are too dirty." The Christian is a cleaner-up as Christ, his Master, was before him. Christ cleared the temple of money-changers, symbolizing thereby the whole process of ridding society of corrupt influences and corrupt men.

I boldly affirm that any Christian who fails to interest himself in politics at primaries as well as general elections, who does not use voice and influence and ballot for making a better community—that Christian is blameworthy in Christ's sight; and God will say, "You knew your duty, and did it not;" and he will be speechless.

No, the Christian is a publicist of the highest order. Wesley was a more potent political force than Chatham; and these words are weighed. Chatham inspired England; Wesley saved England. The Wesleyan reforms stayed the leprosy of immorality and irreligion which was poisoning the blood of Church and court and yeomen and yokel. Besides this, his revival did more

to seize the United States for God than any force or all forces, save only the Puritans; and this because the Methodist preacher was pioneer, who sowed the outposts of civilization to education, patriotism, and godliness, and was thus instrumental in redeeming the frontier from barbarism to civilization. The Christian is a politician. Let him be sane and steady and broad between the eyes, and be chary about offering resolutions, but efficient in the honest daily discharge of daily duties for Jesus' sake and for the sake of men.

The aspirant to knighthood who, after a night of prayer and fasting, came to be knighted, took oath to be pure in heart and purpose and to defend the weak and helpless and worthy. A Christian is God's knight-errant in the earth, sworn to fealty to society and to the common weal of all the world.

A PRAYER

MY God, I am not my own, but am bought with a price; nor would I be my own a single moment, for to be Thine is blessed to the point of glory. Thou settest the solitary soul in families of holy hopes and efforts confederated for the world's good. Thou dost beleaguer the soul with invitations to be great, being good. No right man liveth to himself. That sore solitude would slay him. He liveth to man and God, and is God's friend, and into the confidence of God he steps as if he were an equal. Surely, O Lord, thou art the lifter up of my head. Hear my magnificat also. Let me interrupt Thee morning, evening, and at noon with thanksgivings and the broken expressions of a penitent affection. Make my life big with purposes that shall be Christlike, and qualifications that Thy Holy Spirit may inspire and then approve, and activities which shall be as full of Thee as budding and leafing trees are full of sap. Make me conscious, moment by moment, while life's lamp keeps its little flame a-light—make me conscious that I belong to the family of God, and bear the family likeness and am intrusted with the family honor; and may I, by thy helpful grace, keep that honor unspotted before the world: and my prayer is made in the name of my Savior, MY Savior, Jesus Christ. Amen.

CHAPTER IV

The Religio-Social Instinct of Christianity

"Multae terrícolis línguae, coelestibus una"—
Many tongues on earth, one tongue in heaven

WINGS

If I had wings like as lordly eagles wear,
And I could circle mountain peaks and soar
Above their spires, and in deep valleys pour
Reiterant circling shadows while through air
I voyaged as a boat through seas, and bear
Me on in triumph over ocean's shore,
So far and high my flight that ocean's roar
Signaled me not,—could I with eagles share,
My flight were not so high as now, my wings
Less mighty than the wings which me upbear,
My eye less keen than sight which now is mine:
"I am God's son," my joyous spirit sings;
I soar sublime above earth's dust and care,
And wing my way to heaven with flight divine.

THE Christian is a man of ideas, because Christianity is the domain of reason, as well as love. Religion is intellectuality as well as emotions, a fact not insisted on as tenaciously as it ought to be.

Life is no jargon, but a noble and mellifluous speech. Life is not discord, but subtle and delicious music. Life is not chaos, but cosmos. Life is always harmony, if comprehended; is always noble, if actually lived. But we must distinguish between phases of living. Two alternatives lie before every one of us: to exist or to live. This is no factitious distinction, but is real and apparent. Levels so far apart as that on which the swineherd dwells and that where the philosopher abides must be in different realms. One exists, the other lives. To exist or live must be of individual choosing. Man is here the arbiter of his own destiny.

God gives existence to all. He gives life only to those who choose it. The ox exists,

the poet lives. The ox knows not that life is. Problemless existence is his heritage, his environment. He is shut in of fate, and can not live. He but exists and dies. The brute can not touch life's borders, can not wade out into the surges of life's pulsing sea. No man blames the brute because it is not more. Its state was inevitable. But man is not so shut in. He is born for life. He has no right to let his taper pale to darkness. Some men as certainly exist as does the ox. With high and far horizons, they do not choose to see them. Having eyes, man does not see. If constellations blaze above his head, what is that to him, if he does not lift his eyes? Though God reveal himself in a hundred ways, what profits that the man who will not note the glory of the Divine presence? Men may be as far from each other as if they were in different spheres, aye, in different constellations. Aldebaran and Orion are not farther removed each from each than is man from man. One dwells on low, malarial levels—on spiritual lowlands. Another builds his home on peaks that smite the zenith. The lowland dweller exists; but he who seizes the mountain summit for

a place whereon to pitch his tent—he lives. Man was destined for the mountain summit; and except he contravene his own high destiny, there he will dwell. He was meant for that majestic phase of existence which God names "life;" and this heritage he will possess, except he be his own disinheritor. There is high meaning in Walter Savage Landor's verse,

"I warmed both hands before the fire of life."

Life is to be utilized, and in this utilization lies its glory.

Man is not to go sidling through the earth as if he were an interloper. He belongs here; and his highest success consists in draining the cup of his existence to the dregs. Tennyson voices this thought when he makes Ulysses say, "I will drink life to the lees!" The question should not be, How little may I get from life? but, How largely may I become its debtor? Life's fire is of God's kindling; and at it we are in high honor bound to warm hands and brain and heart.

Each man needs to feel that every flower blooms for him, and every mountain towers for him, and every sea sweeps and thunders for

him, and every noble soul hath wrought for him. These are all his by right divine. He is not simply "the heir of all the ages," but he is heir of all the universe. Not to have laid all nature under tribute for spiritual uplift is not to have, in a true or large sense, lived. To have failed here is to have robbed one's self, is to have beggared one's own existence.

All nature's holy voices call us to enter into life. The speech of cliff and star and westward glory fading into night is one. All call us to take our larger inheritance. Preacher and poet and philosopher call us into life. Each new opportunity is a trumpet voice calling us upward; and by such opportunities are we begirt.

Walt Whitman says, "Man is a summons and a challenge." This is true of all things that are. Every phase of existence is a summons, a challenge to thought and investigation. Every flower summons man to stand and challenges him: "How came I? Whence my beauty?" Every mountain challenges, "Climb to my summit." Every sea, with its many moaning voices, with its billows, wine-colored and emerald and azure, with its laughing silver plashing at your

feet, and its sweep of waters with their hint of infinitudes—every such sea is a challenge, "Come, sail on my bosom; come, wrestle with my billows." Let a Columbus hear the challenge, and he will answer it; and the mighty ocean will have a mightier man sailing upon its vastness.

God's earth is a thorn in the side of sluggish self. The lakelet on the summit of the hills says, "Paint like this;" and the apotheosis of day on the western altars says, "Create glory like unto this;" and the majestic silence of the midnight says, "Create sublime silences like mine." Then man takes up the gauntlet which nature has thrown down; man answers the challenge; and the earth's art is the outcome. Meanwhile, though man knew it not, nature hath been calling him upward, upward into life.

Art is nothing except in so far as it helps me to live. History and philosophy were nothing, except as they gave me a nobler outlook upon life. Poetry had held a broken harp within her hands, but that she gave me to feel there were beauty and nobility in living. Theology would be a beauteous bubble, vanishing the

while I looked, but that it had led me to the life eternal. In the noblest lines that welled from her heart, George Eliot thus defines heaven:

> "O, may I live in pulses stirred to generosity,
> In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
> For miserable aims that end with self,
> In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
> And with their mild persistence lead men's search
> To vaster issues!"

This, with every noble circumstance that falls within the circumference of being, I call, not heaven, but life; and to this heritage divine, God calls us.

The difference between existence and life, then, is a difference in room. Life is enlargement; so that the problem confronting every man is: How may I enlarge my borders? How may I grow out of the little into the great? How may I attain unto enlargement? But ideas have expansive power. They make room for themselves. They are the caloric of the soul. Place heat in a steam-chest, and it rushes onward. It seeks enlargement. It smites the piston-rod, and drives it to and fro like a shuttle.

The thunder of the engine, as it rushes over the mountain summits and the careering of the steamer through the rolling azure of the Atlantic are only the exhibits of the efforts of heat to make room for itself.

This quality of heat, which we name its expansive power, is that which lies at the very heart of the leviathan of modern commerce. It is the reliance upon this characteristic which builds the steamer, the locomotive, the factory. Heat expands. It is as restless as the stars. Never was caged eagle half so eager to be free from the narrow house in which it found itself a prisoner as is heat to be free from its enthralling limitations. It is an Ishmaelite that asks a wilderness of room. It wants freedom. It staggers to and fro like a wounded giant, and seeks outlet.

Great ideas are the heat of the soul. The law under which they operate is that of expansion. They, like heat, want room. Let them once enter the soul, and it will never be what it once was. They hate narrowness. Bring a man into contact with great ideas, and he somehow seems cramped for room. To himself he seems to be

living in a prison, when he should be in a kingdom. He can scarcely breathe till he get into larger quarters. The valley with its shadows is insupportable. He seems half suffocated, and longs for the mountain height and its invigorating atmosphere. The all-important characteristic of a great idea is its capacity for the enlargement of the human soul. That is its mission. God has commissioned it. To make men weary of the present, to cause them to yearn with unspeakable desire for the future, to break bonds that fetter, to loose men and let them go, to breathe into the nostrils the breath of a new life, to stand at a soul sepulcher and cry, "Awake!" to kindle aspirations that can not die—this is the mission of a sublime conception. And this is its unvarying effect. By a law as absolute and exact as that which gathers the constellations in its hand it operates on every life to which it comes. It comes and goes; but the man to whom it came and he from whom it departed are not the same. It came, saw, and, in a sense, conquered. It came, entered, enlarged. It entered to expand the man's life from the narrow dimensions of a hovel to the noble

proportions of a palace, roomy and vast as a Cæsar's habitation. It will not always do its utmost. This will depend on him to whom it comes. But there is this certainty: It will never leave a soul as narrow as before its admission. The entertainment of an idea is proof positive of enlargement. This is a law invariable as destiny.

I had always known the sea was vast. I had no conception that the Atlantic was a pond where fisher lads ply their tiny trade, nor yet that it was a lake that glasses the beauty of the hills. I knew it was a huge thing, "whose sleep was like a giant's slumber, loud and deep," and whose wakening was terrible as a Titan's wrath. The word sea always fascinated me like the touch of an invisible hand. I was transported by it into a realm I can not name, which hath not metes nor bounds. But with conceptions such as these, which must be allowed to possess a flavoring of the truth, I set sail from the harbor. I left Liberty Statue with its uplifted torch behind me. I saw the spires vanish in the distance. The very shore grew dim and indisdinct. The swell of the ocean smote up against

the vessel's keel. The pilot left us. The sails grew fewer. The throb of the engine told a prisoner Cyclops underneath was laboring for us, and a blind Samson was grinding at our mill. The day waned. Behind, the seagull's wheeling flight; ahead, the swell of seas and bend of sky to touch the upward-reaching flood.

"The day dies slowly in the western sky,
The sunset splendor fades."

Behind us is no land. America has sunk like some fabled continent out of sight. The stars are trimming their lamps for midnight burning. Naught but sea and sky.

"The deep moans round with many voices."

And I said as I gazed upon the waste where fleets had sailed and sunk,

"There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea,"

and the words seemed set on fire. I could read them blazing afar against the sky. "The wideness of the sea!" I knew that in a new sense now. The sea's barriers seemed moved back-

ward by hands potential, yet invisible. The greatness of the ocean was entering my soul. A great idea was wedging its way into my mind. So we sailed on from sunset, through the darkness, and dash and moan of seas, into the dawn. All night the engine made the ship a-tremble. All day we headed eastward; still no land. Sky, sea—sea, sky. Seagulls left astern. Storm-petrel flinging itself into the billows. Another night. The stars come again. The voice of the night-time fills the soul, and again the words,

"There 's a widensss in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea,"

come marching through my mind like a troop of gigantic forms, and the breadth of the ocean seemed a distance I could not measure. The vastness appalled me—made me dumb. My soul expanded. The idea was transfiguring my thought. It was enlarging my life. The sea was lifting me into a conception of God, and the conception of God was glorifying the sea. So we sailed on. Three days gone; no shore. Four days ended, and no low-lying coast. A

horizon of seas; no more. Five days, six days; the vastness grew. Our sailing seemed a shoreless venture. Seven days, eight days. Sunset, star-rise, sea's surge; and no shore. The engine has not ceased its panting for a moment. The ship has not delayed, but rather has been "rejoicing like a strong man to run a race," and yet no shore; and the words, "Like the wideness of the sea," overmaster me. I find myself saying, "Wideness, wideness of the sea." I am clambering into realms of soul sunrise. My thought is girding itself for high endeavor. I linger on the word "wideness" as a mother lingers on the name of her dear, departed child. I linger upon it, and can but worship Him whose love is wide as the vast ocean, or the sweep of an infinite sea. I can never forget the exhilaration of thought. I can never be as small as I once was. It was worth our while to dwell on this thought, because such is the effect of every noble idea that enters the soul. Its mission is to amplify. The word which embraces it all is, "expansion."

Keats, in his own inimitable way, has told

his experience in coming face to face with a great thought:

> "Then felt I as some watcher of the skies,
> When a new planet swims into his ken;
> Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

The elevation of soul which must characterize the man who has beheld some great new truth is inconceivable. I have attempted to imagine what emotions Newton experienced when he grasped that colossal conception of gravitation; when he beheld the physical universe held as in some giant's hold by this power which seemed veritable Omnipotency; when he beheld the solar system, aye, and every system, every wandering star, every swift-winged comet, every meteoric cloud, all far-off, dim nebulæ, these all holden by a power invisible, yet potent as Deity. I have attempted to realize his emotions, but have always failed. It lies beyond our power. We may form some imperfect notion; but an adequate conception, never. Yet

this is certain. That experience must have been rapture; and is it conceivable that Newton, after such vision, could be as he once was? Could his existence be as commonplace, and his life as narrow as before he had entertained this unique and majestic idea? I hold it to be self-evident that ever thereafter he was, in a high sense, a new intellectual creature. To others he seemed his old self; but he was conscious that he had been translated into a new world. Ideas thrust men out into broad places, and make life a verity. These constitute our supreme intellectual need.

Notions are many; ideas are few. The name of our fancies is legion; while the ideas which have seated themselves in the mind may too often be numbered on the digits of a single hand. We are as children who play with pebbles. Tiny matters absorb our attention. Subordinate affairs crowd to the front. Inferiors usurp the place of the great superiors, and take the chief seats in our intellectual synagogues. This view of the case, while not flattering, is just. We need to be upborne. Elevation is a prime necessity; and it is pertinent to inquire

with utmost solicitude, whence may be derived these "thoughts that wander through eternity," that transform and glorify the soul, that enlarge the man till he bear such a faint semblance to his former self as the man full-grown bears to the babe in arms? Let us address ourselves to answering this question.

God's provision for every need is ample. Wherever there is a God-implanted hunger, there is also a satisfying portion. Man may be niggardly in his giving, but God never is. He gives with a generosity which seems the prodigality of some spendthrift Deity. The limitation of his benefaction is as the gift of his Spirit; and he giveth his Spirit not by measure. My life needs thought. Except that hunger be satisfied, the life must perish; and death shall snuff out the light of vitality and leave but darkness. But God's creations are not in vain. He doth not make to mar. He hath sown thought through his creation with an unsparing hand. Easier shall the astronomer count the figures that march in the marshaled host of midnight than man shall number God's thoughts. The thoughts of an infinite God are infinite in num-

ber. "I think God's thoughts," shouted the enraptured astronomer. This is what every thinker does. Who thinks greatly must think God's thoughts; for all great thoughts are his. Of these we may say, "God is the maker of them all." Even as "every good and every perfect gift" comes from him, so every exalted idea that charms the soul into music comes from him. He is the Source where infinite fullness dwells.

While nature is God's thought, the Bible is the interpreter of nature, and reaches out of the physical into the spiritual; that is, out of Nature into Grace. Christ is the one word which embraces all that is; for "of him and through him and to him" are all things. Christ is the explanation of physical phenomena, as he is the explanation of Spiritual forces. The world has long since accorded to Jesus a place among and above great moral teachers. Even Rationalism does not deny this, but rather asserts it with marked emphasis. True it is that Jesus is the iconoclast in the realm of morals. He turned things upside down. He smote wrong systems to the dust. With his scourge of cords he drove even licensed sin from his presence. He has put

such a moral force into operation, that, viewed only from a human standpoint, he seems destined to subdue men and dominate the earth. But while this is true, while Jesus is the moral power to which the race must some time pay its homage, while spiritual renovation is his chiefest mission, is it not true that he is the world's greatest intellectual benefactor? Has he had an equal? Is he not the author of ideas such as have no peer in all the realm of thought? Is he not in the forefront of all that goodly company of noble spirits who have given us such mental incentives as the soul needs to lift it to its true destiny? I would magnify Christ as "God manifest in the flesh" for the redemption of man and the complete regeneration of his nature; but I would also magnify him as being in himself and in his ideas the greatest stimulator to thought the world has been privileged to know. The ideas he gave, look at them! How great they are! God, moral responsibility, man's ability to know divinity, immortality, man's divine origin, providence, moral gravitation, heart regeneration, God the creator and sustainer of all existence and life, human bro-

therhood, and last, himself incarnate God,—these, and more, which, if they should be named, a man would seem to be calling the roll of the greatest ideas the centuries have known. Contact with such thought is soul elevation. It is an education in itself. It constituted the training of the Apostolic college; and no man can enter into fellowship with the ideas of Christ without becoming a man of intellectual vigor. Daniel Webster declared that the greatest thought he had ever entertained was that of personal responsibility to God. Bring a man face to face with that thought for the first time, and it would blind him with the blaze of its glory. The Scotch are the most devout of peoples. They are also the keenest thinkers. The Puritans received both their republicanism and their loftiness of thought and morals from the Bible. The early Methodist preachers were men whose intellectual prowess was approved. They were second to none of their time. They challenged the attention of their contemporaries, and commanded the respect of thinkers. That mental vigor was acquired by standing under the glory of the God-thoughts as expressed by Jesus.

He who has wrestled with the ideas that Jesus gave is as one who hath fought with gods. His thews become as those of the Anakim. Christ is an intellectual force. Christianity is an intellectual regeneration.

Christ was at once a revelation and a revolution. He came to turn the world upside down, and was the chief iconoclast of human history. Himself was the sower who went forth to sow. Jesus came and went. Now, as we look back, his passage across our sky seems swift as the flight of a falling star. Brief years included his ministry. We were but getting ready to entertain him when he left us, and the heavens received him from our sight. Jesus came and went; but the world to which he came, and the world from whence he departed, were not the same; for he had seeded our earth down to new ideas.

On coming, Jesus found nothing to his hand. Though he had waited so long, so long, yet nothing seemed ready for his coming. He had waited through the weary centuries, expectant, eager, saying as he looked earth's way, "Is it not ready yet? is it not ready *yet?*" and at the

last, coming he found himself an unexpected guest, nothing ready for him. No home to be born in, no Bethlehem to shelter his boyhood, no Palestine to let him grow from its soil as a "root out of the dry ground;" but he must needs go into Egypt for safety, seeing his very life was beset. So barbarous and inhospitable his welcome! His Nazareth would fling him from its cliffs. His Father's house was not ready for him. The Church gave him scant tolerance, then menace, scorn, hisses, maledictions, crucifixion. Society was not ready for him, save that it was so apathetic it needed waking, so depraved it needed redeeming, so foul it needed a troubling of its waters, that health might follow its disease. O, it shames us now to think nothing was ready for him; and he had waited so long! I wonder his heart did not break. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." Not a door open, nor a voice crying, "Welcome."

And he found not even a speech ready to convey his meaning, so bankrupt was our world in the appliances of noble thought and life. The Greek speech had risen and matured. It was

the most exact, versatile, vigorous, and poetic tongue any race had ever used as a vehicle of ideas. Greek was a matchless dialect among human vernaculars. Philosophers, orators, and poets had glorified it. The Greek language had learned to express conquest with Alexander, eloquence with Demosthenes, poetry with Æschylus, and philosophy with Plato. The world has been proud of the Greek tongue all these centuries. Most apt and adequate it was to express the intricacies of the most abstruse philosophies, and used by Socrates, Plato, Zeno, and Epicurus in apprenticeship until it became saturated with philosophy as sea-air with odors of the wave. God was bringing a speech toward readiness for the coming of the Christ. Then for two centuries or more this adequate Greek language had been brought into contact with the Jewish theism and monotheism. At Alexandria the Septuagint had made the Greek tongue bear the weight of Psalm, History, and Prophecy; and God was making the Greek language go to school to Himself, trying to get it ready for his Son. Yet when Christ came he found a speech as incompetent to express his

thought as a broken lute to express the music in the musician's dream. Jesus took this instrument, fingered all its stops, put lips to it, and found discord, so that at the outset he must renovate language. He took the lexicon of the unsurpassed Greek tongue, ran down its columns from Alpha to Omega, and said, "I can not find the word I need." So common our world, we could not offer God's Son even a word wherewith he should speak to us. Thus does sin shame us all. What pathos is here! Nothing ready for Christ. Yet, there is a view which palliates our case a little. How could human speech hold God's thought? Can you pour the oceans into your drinking-cup? Can you empty the skies with their azure and stars into the hollow of a child's hand? This figure is paltry when considered in relation to the putting the infinite into the finite, God into a man's words. Yet, ought there to have been some words competent for Divine uses.

But, consider when Jesus began that exaltation we name, the Sermon on the Mount, he revolutionized speech in the introductory word. "Makarioi" was a term applied not to men, but

to gods, and Jesus transports this word into a new zone of thought applying it to man. What Jesus says as his first word to the world is, "Blessed like the gods are the pure, the meek, and the hungry-hearted after righteousness." The ordinary Greek word for life was "bios," but the Greek thought of life as a perishable commodity, a thing which had morning, noon, and night. Sunset was more certain than sunrise. Is it not apparent, when Jesus would say he was "the Life," he dare not in fealty to truth to use such a seared word? Christ, when he would say he was the eternal life, "from everlasting to everlasting," the life which had morning, but whose sun hung forever at celestial noon, the life which might run the gauntlet of the grave and get no hurt—Christ took another word. He said not, I am the "bios," but, I am "Zoe," and thus gave a word with which they were conversant, but flooded it with a heavenly meaning. So with love. God is love; how should Jesus say that? Love is polluted as earth has made it. He dare not use the word "Eros." This meant Venus and the Grove of Daphne, and was polluted like air filled with corruption.

And so Jesus gave us a clean word fresh as the first breath of morning waking with the dawn, not "eros," but "agape."

And Jesus came for the revelation of God and the revolution of the world. His word is, "I make all things new," and so he did. No great fact was left as he found it. He gave us new ideas of love, society, and man and God. Does not everybody know that when Jesus left the world, man's notion of manhood had been revolutionized? As God created man, so God's Son created manliness. He revolutionized our conceptions, using the old pedestals, but setting upon them new figures. God seen from Sinai was one; God seen by the light of Sinai and Calvary was another. Christ showed us man and God.

Christianity speaks because it thinks and has a distinct direction given to both thought and language.

The Puritans were saturated with both the voice and thought of the Old Testament, and thought and spoke with eloquence like an epic. Their thoughts were roomy, and their words had music like the sound of

bells. If you will turn your thought to it, you will observe how the great poets, from Shakespeare to Tennyson, were debtors to God's Book. A volume has been written made up wholly of Shakespeare's quotations from the Bible, and the book is enough to open the eyes of any one who reads it, disclosing the immense debt of Shakespeare to the Book of God. Tennyson not infrequently (three hundred times) quotes from the Bible. The great orators fill their speech with lordly Scripture phrase and example. The King James Version of our Scriptures came into being when every English writer seemed prodigal of genius, the result being that their words were full of music and majesty, and found fit spokesmen in the English spoken and written then when it seemed rich as the wine squeezed from clusters grown on the Southern slopes, and as chaste, vigorous, musical, cumulative in effect, appealing to our deeper spiritual and literary instincts,—this old version teaches thought how to phrase itself in melody and might. Christianity has language not solely as a vehicle of religious expression, but as vehicle of all the nobler movements of

the soul. The divinity of the Book of God is its charter of appeal. Friendship, love, struggle, narrative, poetry as jubilant as triumphant, sonorous as Milton's wonderful measures, familiar intercourse, friendly letters—read the Scriptures, for all this is found there.

Two things stand out in the Scripture idea of society; namely, neighborliness and friendship. You might call the New Testament the book of neighbors and friends, if you so chose. Since Jesus said, "You are my friends if you do my commandments," and "Henceforth I call you not servants, but friends," friendship has come to have a value celestial as well as terrestrial. Jesus' friendships are beautiful beyond expression. Jesus loved Lazarus, and friendship never had soared so high since the gallant days when David and Jonathan were knit together. So beautiful that long-gone love, that David, in his Elegy, said, "Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." This was what the sad-hearted Psalmist sang. But here was David's Son and David's Lord—Son after the flesh, Lord after the spirit—who was to write a new chapter in the history of friendship. You must

see the household of Bethany. Dull of sight must men be who can not see Mary and Martha and Lazarus, and Jesus as their guest; and one of the rarest pictures in Tennyson's "In Memoriam" limns this dear, old, never-to-be-forgotten scene:

"When Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
And home to Mary's house return'd,
Was this demanded—if he yearn'd
To hear her weeping by his grave?

'Where wert thou, brother, those four days?'
There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbors met,
The streets were filled with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crown'd
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unreveal'd;
He told it not; or something seal'd
The lips of that Evangelist.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
Nor other thought her mind admits,
But he was dead, and there he sits,
And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Savior's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?"

We can never forget this sight. He and friendship are forever more sanctified. Friendship may always find temper and speech in this sacred home circle. And Jesus' talks with his disciples had such a wealth of tender consideration in them. I never can forget the Scripture phrase in Jesus' saying, "Come apart and rest a little," as if himself were not weary well-nigh unto death! But true to himself, he thinks of them! And he appears to Mary of Magdala, and sends a personal, tender message to Peter, who had denied him thrice! Where is there such an example of courtesy and friendship as this friendship of Jesus Christ?

And Paul—how friends clustered about him! Reading his letters, one is constrained to think this man did nothing else than to make friends. But that is one of the many beauties and emoluments of the minister of Christ. He makes friends at every turn. He has lovers, and lovers innumerable. He will know legions of friends the moment he steps inside of heaven. And Paul has friends that love him with love as ample as the gospel. Doctor Luke, who is his physician (seeing Paul has a thorn in the flesh; namely, some physical distemper which necessitated a physician traveling with him constantly), Doctor Luke, how dear he is to Paul, and how dear Paul is to him! The story of these sweet friendships never has been written, and never will be. Mayhap in heaven we shall be privileged to hear these lovers tell the story of their hearts as they shall walk, hand clasped in hand, along the fair slopes of the hills of light. Than that parting of Paul from the Ephesians, there is no deeper pathos mixed with heavenly hope in all the world of letters or the Book of God:

"And from Miletus he sent to Ephesus, and called the elders of the Church. And when they

were come to him, he said unto them, Ye know, from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons, serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears, and temptations, which befell me by the lying in wait of the Jews: and how I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have shewed you, and have taught you publicly, and from house to house, testifying both to the Jews, and also to the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there. And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me. I have shewed you all things, how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said. It is more blessed to give than to

receive. And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down and prayed with them all. And *they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck and kissed him,* sorrowing, most of all, for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more. And they accompanied him unto the ship."

And as for neighbors did not Jesus say, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself?" and did he not pronounce a parable to prove that he who needs help and he who ministers help are neighbors and neighborly? To do good is to get good. To help is to make a neighbor. What a neighborly book the Bible is, and what neighborly souls the apostles were! Peter's shadow was medicine, and John and Peter cried to the lame man, "Silver and gold have we none, but such as we have give we unto thee," and this man they have made a neighbor ran up the temple steps with laughter and delight and thanksgiving unto God.

There are no neighbors and friends like those who have "tasted the powers of the world to come." Neighbors and friends in earth, and neighbors and friends in heaven for evermore!

A PRAYER

OUR loving Father, we would humbly pray, with the devout astronomer, that we might think Thy thoughts after thee. They are so high, so enthralling to the mind, so compelling to every worthy motion of the spirit, so dwarfing to the unworthy in us and about us, so fitted to our natures and our supernatures. Our heights are made for the gathering about them of the gracious clouds of Thy high thoughts. We bless Thee for our sight of Thy ways which are very wonderful, but in particular for the sight of Thyself, which equips our thought for flights and our love for sacrifice and devotion. May we pattern our thinking after Thine, so that it shall be pure and vigorous and predestined to noble ends! May we have the mind that was in Christ, whatever that great phrase may mean! Keep us far removed from the ignoble, whether in thought or imagination or sport or friendship or occupation. May we be holy, and so, free to turn our might to God's own uses, we pray in Jesus' name! Amen.

CHAPTER V

Christianity and Law

"Let every soul be subject under the higher powers"
"Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates"
"Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye"

TOO LATE

He came when all the lists were filled,
  And sought a place on honor's field;
  In vain were helmet, spear, and shield,
Or arm that was for tourney skilled.

Who comes too late, comes but in vain;
  All knightly skill is nothing worth;
  His plenty is as desert dearth;
A moment had been deathless gain.

IN the home, man learns obedience. Rule is his logical inference. He rises to a sense of law. Ought is in his conscience, which thrusts on his mind a conviction of law and of sin. By such hypothesis alone can you explain the rise of States and the sovereignty of kings. Kings can not be explained by force. They have not had enough. They were but one man against millions of men. Force explains nothing. It is incompetent to explain the visible facts of history. But the human spirit has an instinct for law. Man feels for it, feels the need of it, and, thinking he recognizes law incarnate in kings, submits, just as Montezuma submitted to Cortez, because he thought him a predestined conqueror.

Thus man tends to be citizen. He makes many mistakes as to what authority really is, and what authority demands his allegiance, more is the pity; but a disposition to obey authority and acknowledge law is in him. He will obey

Domitian, or Gustavus Adolphus, or Charles I, or Washington; not with clear view of the righteousness nor of the turpitude of the ruler, but with dominant instinct for law-authority somewhere.

Here, as everywhere, Christianity is human and rational. The Christian has no standing quarrel with law nor governors; indeed, the reverse is the case. "Live peaceably with all men if it be possible," is the enjoinder, and the scope of this injunction includes States and rulers. But God's Word is more specific, enjoining in expressed terms obedience to rulers on the ground that they are of God. God is a God of law, and not of lawlessness nor disorder. He believes in cosmos, not chaos, and this not only in a physical, but in a legal and moral world. The Christian is not anarchist. He believes in and obeys law. Christianity wisely views the State as a necessity; but does not allow that every State is just nor legitimate. There is no Scriptural ground for belief in divine right of kings. Christianity believes in the divine right of righteousness, holding fast to the Scripture affirmation, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a

disgrace to any people." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," is true, but not more true than that the nation that sinneth, it shall die. "Jerusalem hath grievously sinned, therefore is she removed," is Jeremiah's putting of the theory of sin's effect upon a nation as discovered in history.

To a Christian there are two lawgivers, God and the State—the Divine and the civil. God's law is supreme. To God the Christian must yield an implicit obedience. God is good, and doeth good and commands righteously. The ultimate law of right is not the command of God, but the character of God. Right is not right because God commanded it, but because his commands are in consonance with his character, and "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." He can not even be tempted with evil. His commands reflect himself as the sun affirms its own luminosity. This point is crucial in any discussion of theoretical ethics. If God's simple command makes right, then if he had commanded covetousness instead of generosity, then would covetousness be right, and non-covetousness wrong. But if God's commands

emanate from God's character and are the fruit of it, there is then nothing arbitrary in his law nor in our obligations. The Christian is to obey God supremely. If the State commands what God forbids, the Christian's reply is, "We ought to obey God rather than man." He has no option. Nor has the State an option. It must enforce its laws, and the Christian must suffer. Four things are apparent: 1. The Christian must obey God in preference to the State. Ordinarily there is no conflict between the two. 2. The Christian must obey the State when such obedience does not conflict with his service of God. 3. In case of a conflict between the law of God and the law of the State the Christian must suffer. 4. The Christian, as a Christian, should labor assiduously to reverse the conflict between civil and Divine authority in case such conflict exists. Such has been the operative ethics of Christianity always. Persecution was native to early Christianity. It asserted its innocence of evil, but suffered the consequence of disobedience to civil authority; but ultimately effected a change in the human code, making it in harmony with the Divine code. Baxter and

Bunyan suffered under the civil law, but by their suffering helped to its abolition. The Huguenots listened to God, obeyed him, suffered for his sake by thousands and ten-thousands; and of whom we may say in the language of Hebrews, "The world was not worthy."

To say that a Christian is a Christian first and a citizen afterwards is scarcely just, because such observation marks a clear division between the two things; whereas, I think it clear that the Christian is a citizen because he is a Christian. No Christian is obstreperous. He does not harry the State, does not prate and pose nor play the demagogue, nor yet the mugwump, but is stalwart. He loves his native land, and for it lives, and, if the need demands, for it he dies. He is no dreamy, impracticable reformer, but walks the earth with a manly and non-spasmodic interest in its vital concerns. He stands for righteous laws, God being his standard of right.

By nature (*i. e.*, his regenerate nature) he is a foe to evil in conduct or legislation. He is God's licensed champion of right. Thus his movements become rational and progressive. He believes in religion but does not of neces-

sity believe in a State religion, nor in enactments nor appropriations in its behalf. He believes in God and God's cause, but thinks to apostle them, not by legislation, but by Divine dynamics—by the "mighty power of God." He believes that morality should be legislated for, but not religion. He does not want his creed settled upon others, he wishing to worship God freely and give others an equal opportunity. He favors goodness passing into the codes. The best laws are the ones he has in heart; but if he be wise he will advocate and help a better law as a route to best laws. Hence a Christian needs to be on guard. He may become a fanatic; and fanatics are baneful.

So Christianity in a political way wants to help, and not to hinder. The Christian is opposed to slavery, to gambling, to lotteries, to impure literature, to inhuman treatment of animals or children, is opposed to narcotics and intoxicants because they are foes to public morality. They sin against religion truly, but they sin against the State. They are bad economics, and as a citizen his face is against them for evil. His attitude toward these various evils may be

justly illustrated by Professor Woodruff's attitude toward the Louisiana Lottery. He was sick and confined to his own room. He had saved from his earnings something less than a thousand dollars. To this sick man in his sick chamber the thought occurred that he might use his enforced leisure toward the abolition of a stupendous crime against society and against the Nation. When one thinks of it, what holy audacity it was that a sick man and a poor man should think to dethrone a healthy and enormously rich infamy; but this man, trusting in God, counted not odds, believing with the man of God evidently, "that those who are with us are more than those that be against us," and so set about flooding the country with arguments against lottery and gambling; and to abbreviate the history I shall state the result. This sick professor, with his petty savings, warred so successfully against a giant iniquity that he not only dethroned it, but drove it from the Nation as if it had been a vagabond king.

Another item illustrative of the same truth is nearer to us in point of time. I refer to the anti-canteen law passed by a recent Congress.

Government posts and camps were scenes of debauchery, as must always be the case where the saloon has any part. There are no decent saloons; for, to utter a solecism, the more decent a saloon is, the more indecent it is, for the reason that the less a saloon shows its real character of a debaucher of manhood, the more dangerous it is. If every saloon could have the drunkards it has made shrieking with delirium tremens at its door, or lying in rags and shame on the walk before it, saloons would not be the menace to morals they now are. But Christian citizenship took deliberate and vigorous stand against the canteen, which had been in evidence during the recent war with Spain. Many demanded that the President should abolish it, which he, as I think, wisely refused to do, because such order had been simply temporary, affecting immediate but not lasting good. The wiser plan was pursued: Congress in both Houses was besieged by petitions demanding a law for the abolition of the canteen, and among the last and greatest enactments of a Congress, which will be illustrious in the Nation's history forever, was a law for the abolition of the can-

teen. This anti-canteen law the Attorney-General declared to be illegal, and the law in consequence was nullified. The disappointment and chagrin of friends of temperance was something distressing. They had fought a good fight and won, and heard in their hearts the notes of triumph, when suddenly their joy was turned into mourning. The plain intent of the law on the part of those who enacted it was to abolish the canteen. Nobody doubted that. Many maintained that the purpose of those who framed and passed the law should be taken into account in passing on its legality, a ground which can not be soberly maintained for a moment. Legality is not a question of what was intended. Law is law. The intention of legislators has never been allowed to be a test of legality, and to make such appeal at that time was hysterical, unhistorical, and unfair, and a dangerous precedent besides. Two attitudes were evidenced. One, the attitude of abuse of the Attorney-General and the President. The appeal was to vituperation, which is never shrewd in a bad cause or a good. The abuse of authorities by this type of reformer (not ques-

tioning their motives) was outrageous, questioning the motives of all involved, demanding the President should override the decision of the Attorney-General, and the like. This method of abuse, as any rememberer of history could have prophesied, achieved no results, save to disgust a goodly number of sincere friends of temperance. The second and saner attitude was to apply the same methods to the repassing of the bill as had been used in the original passage; namely, using the right of petition. Congress was flooded with memorials asking the passage of an anti-canteen measure which should stand the test of law. The members of the Senate and House are as concerned in the moral order of the country as any other body of citizens, a fact frequently lost sight of by the citizen. Non-officeholders do not monopolize conscience, nor a desire for the public weal. The right of petition, inalienable to the citizen, was used. Abuse was not thought of or tolerated. The right intention of President or Cabinet officer was not once questioned, but the whole moral and political might was occupied in trying to get a legal law enacted. Mr. Bowersock, of Kansas, hav-

ing introduced such a bill, the pressure from lovers of temperance became enormous, the general ground being that, even apart from the damaging effects on our soldiers, this concession to the moral scruples of millions of Christians might well be made. With no one could the maintenance of the canteen be a matter of conscience, while to multitudes the abolition of it was a matter of conscience; so that, as a result of this sane and fair campaign, a new anti-canteen law was passed, and the canteen abolished. This history can not fail to emphasize the method of sobriety and manliness in attitude and method. The abusive fanatics had no influence as for the re-enactment of the law, but against it. They excited public indignation, but wrought no moral benefit, while the sane friends of temperance came, saw, and conquered.

This represents the legitimate attitude of the Christian as a citizen. In sane and determined opposition is the good man's might. Ultimately he may as legislator be able to "do all things through Christ which strengtheneth him." Slavery he must oppose; but singularly enough Jesus said nothing about slavery. This has puz-

zled many; but Christ made no catalogue of vices. The apostles did that. Jesus enunciated principles, the apostles and ourselves applied them. At no time did Jesus file a bill of complaint against slavery, though in his parables he makes mention of this class of men. This was Jesus' larger method: He said all men were brothers, and that doctrine will inevitably destroy slavery when and because it comes into the blood of the world. The way we know this is that it has done it. Where Christianity goes, slave-trading and slavery are abolished. Frost can not stand before the sun, nor can slavery before the gospel. It melts away utterly. Nor did the apostles enjoin manumitting slaves; but the philosophy of manumission is given in words strong and tender in Paul's letter to Philemon. Instant liberation of slaves and the apostling of such a crusade had been suicide to Church and State in the days of the organization of Christianity. The slave must be Christianized first before he could become a safe freedman. The gospel, in the meantime, did alleviate his condition. It softened his lot to the point of being palatable. It reversed those hideous codes re-

garding slaves which existed in the Roman Empire—codes more terrible in severity than any one not familiar with classic Roman civilization can ever guess; and ultimately the gospel freed the slaves, though even this was done too hastily, and sowed the Roman Empire with beggars, who in turn intensified the prevalent poverty. Christ's methods are grown methods. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear," was Christ's outline of his own method in the world, both relative to the gospel and society in general.

Now take a contemporaneous question—Temperance. What about it? How shall a Christian behave in regard to the suppressal of intemperance? His objective is total prohibition, as I assume. He is total abstainer, seeing God said, "Touch not, taste not, handle not." He may believe in wine as medicine, as Paul advised Timothy, "Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake and for thine often infirmities," which was purely a medicinal use. He believes in total prohibition, because he believes "Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips." Christians are not to use the accursed thing.

Now this is his goal; but the question is, How shall he as a citizen behave so as to bring about the end he most desires? Here good and wise men differ. Is not this clear, however, that the Christian should do all he can to hinder the curse? If he can not get total prohibition he should take what he can get. He should fall in with the forces marching his way. He should not favor license, as I suppose, but may favor a high license system, because it is a legal-hindering force. Some say, "The liquor-traffic can never be legalized without sin," a statement false, specious, and misleading. High license in this sense is not meant as a legalizing process, but as an illegalizing process. It reduces the number of saloons. Taking that view, how right and wise for a Christian man to favor high license, not as an end, but as a helper to an end! I have known Prohibitionists who would do nothing to suppress the liquor evil unless in their specific way. They hindered, and did not help. They meant to be conscientious and logical advocates of temperance. Were they? Anything that acts with a view toward suppressal is safe, sane, wise, and Christian.

This writer's presumption is that no party propagandism of temperance is the rapid way to secure the best results. We are apt to suppose that resolutions are actually achieving something. They are, in fact, practically useless, having been used so much and to such slight effect. They become so frequent as to become laughable. No resolution can abolish intemperance. No party statement against intemperance can abolish it. No law enacted by Congress could abolish it unless public sentiment is sufficiently charged with antipathy to the liquor-traffic to enforce such laws. Let us look facts in the face. Let us cease to be chimerical, and learn to be practical. Did the Fifteenth Amendment give the black man his rights? Any reasonably intelligent man knows it did not. In governmental theory it gave him a ballot; in fact, it did not and can not. The State Government overrides the Federal Government, and will do so until a sense of righteousness is fostered and grown in those States where the black-man-rule is imminent. Let this serve as an object-lesson to theorists and reformers. What is needed in temperance reform is to push the

battle to the gates, is to vote for temperance in all parties, and not in one party. Let Democrat, Republican, and Populist vote on their own tickets for temperance, and not be asked to leave their party to become temperance advocates by ballot. Is not this in harmony with what we know of discreet legislative methods and judicious and far-seeing statesmanship?

The Christian governmental attitude is entirely democratic. Not that he will always favor democracy, for that is not always possible, and not always wise when possible. No one who has familiarized himself with the history of Central and South American Republics but must know those people are not competent for self-government even yet. We hope they will be some day. Cromwell found England in his day not equal to self-government. He was driven not by ambition, but by political sagacity to assume control of England. Either that, or anarchy, or Charles II. The Fifth Monarchy men believed in a republic; but men were not advanced far enough for it. They were educated only after years of practical self-rule in another hemisphere. Puritans in America could do and did do what

Puritans in England were not qualified to do. But Christian England has grown steadily in democracy of attitude and law. Constitutional monarchy is really under bonds to democracy. Christianity sees clearly the quality of men, and in legislation and in the enforcement of justice holds to that theory with inflexible determination.

Christianity under law then fronts God, walks his way with alert mind, open to the best methods, eager in thought and action for the enthronement of God in the codes and conduct of the Nation and the world.

A PRAYER

WE are glad Thou hast made us factors efficient, significant in this world's arithmetic. We are grateful to be integers, not zeros. We are grateful to feel the world needs us to walk on its crowded streets and to mix our blood and brain with the world's policies and potencies. We bless God that in market-place and in schools and Church and libraries and primaries and mechanical and farming industries—in all of these things we are to feel ourselves quite at home, and are to do with our might what our hands find to do. Keep us from the inanity of day-dreaminess and lotus-eating. Make us God's citizens, strong to inject into the veins of government the warm and ruddy life blood of the gospel of our Christ. Keep us from the perverseness of seeing men as trees walking. Deliver us from the invalid spirit. Make us gleeful betimes as little children let loose from school, and make us so because we believe in God, and who believes in Him must keep a blessed cheer always in his heart, for our God has promised to bring virtue to victory, and he has not failed us yet. Make us optimists as citizens whose strength shall not be palsied by the gloom of undue doubts, but make us influences in our communities to shape for helpfulness every good thing under heaven. This prayer we make as citizens in the name of Christ. Amen.

CHAPTER VI

Christianity as Day-Laborer

"Go work in my vineyard"
"Not slothful in business"
"Provide things honest in the sight of all men"

HARVESTLESS

The plot of earth God gave to me to till,
I tilled it not; but let the morning pass
While dewy beauty kindled on the grass
Its thousand lamps of wondrous flame to fill
The soul with ecstasy. I heard the trill
Of birds at dawn. I heard, but yet, alas!
I heeded not. The clouds of dawning glass
Their new-lit glory from the lake and rill,—
All this swift like a vision passed; but I
Nor plowed nor sowed. The brown earth knew no toil
Of mine. The while fair day swept by, the soil
That yearned for sowing, yearned in vain. Gone by
God's hour. No sheaf of gold is mine. The sky
Burns red with sunset. Harvestless I die.

CHRISTIANITY believes in work, and disbelieves in idleness. Paul's idea was that if a man will not work, neither shall he eat—a plan of getting rid of the lazy by starving them; but unfortunately they are parasites, and will not be destroyed. They suck nutriment from the industrious. The lazy are always with us.

The Bible is so many people's book as to make a writer hesitate to name all classes to which it legitimately belongs and appeals, lest he be thought guilty of straining a point and using ingenuity instead of critical accuracy. Yet is the Bible the day-laborer's book pre-eminently. It is the book of work. Everybody in the Bible is working—prophets, kings, holy women, liberators, high priests, apostles, angels ("are they not all ministering spirits?"), Christ, the Holy Spirit, and God the Father. A spirit of strenuous toil has seized on everybody engaged in the mission of holiness. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

God at work is the opening utterance of the Scriptures. How good that is! How elevating to toil! No Brahm sunk in eternal slumber; for even God's rest is toil continuous and prodigal; as Jesus says, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work," meaning that what God was doing incessantly by the approved processes of nature, that Jesus did by the emergent method of miracle. God the Father and God the Son at work, such is the sublime spectacle presented a mass of toiling men and women. Then, as if to lift us to a heaven of holy activity, Paul briefly tells us we are laborers together with God. God and ourselves are at the same task; so are we helped. According to the opening chapters of Revelation (and I am inclined to think them not allegory nor myth), the first man highly endowed, not an ill-bred ape, but a full-bred man, into whose nostrils God breathed the breath of life with the result that he became a living soul—such a man was put at work, and certain we are that the second Adam was a toiler, at once "the carpenter's son" and "the carpenter;" for, wondering, the people asked, "Is not this the carpenter?" After the flesh Christ sprung out of

a working household, and was sympathetic with and obedient to its traditions. He was a working man his life through. No rift of rest in the clouded sky of his uninterrupted toil; "Himself bore our griefs;" and in somber grandeur, clouded but glorious, it is observed, "He, bearing his cross, went forth." And men of toil he made his apostles, his bodyguard and cabinet. He called fishermen, and changed the place of their labor, not the fact of their labor, saying, "Come, and I will make you fishers of men," a task more arduous, as themselves found, than any toil all night with fishers' nets at sea. Paul was a tentmaker, and worked at his toil for a living while he preached "Christ and him crucified." Sparta had soldier-citizens whose sole objective was battle, and Helots were their workers, whose menial office was common toil. Athens had citizens whose office was statecraft, generalship, art, eloquence, and poetry, and a merchant class not citizens, because to engage in such vocation was to disfranchise Athenian citizens. Such was Attic democracy. Among the Hindoos the Brahmin is the higher class, and not only does not work, but will be polluted

if associated with the class that does work; or if even the shadow of a laborer fall across his food in passing, that food is accursed. In Roman aristocracy the patrician commanded slaves, did work by proxy, was not himself a laborer, but was by trade a voluptuary and a pest. The plebeian did the work, and slaves sweated, and sweated blood oftener than sweat, in the cruel toil for these Roman aristocrats. How radical the divergence in Jesus and in God's Book in regard to attitude toward labor! What distances divide the attitudes! Jesus insisted, "Go work in my vineyard," and bade them haste, and the sadness of the commission lay in "For the night cometh, when no man can work." Everybody at work is the New Testament order, and for the matter of that it is the Old Testament order as well. The Jew taught every son a trade, whereby he at once showed the high esteem in which he held labor and the brainy attention to the detail of life which might wisely be emulated by parents in the present day. The honorableness and necessity of toil is the gospel of the Old Testament and the New.

And the figures used in the apostolic writings

are sweaty with toil. Hear Paul: "To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak: I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some. And this I do for the gospel's sake, that I might be partaker thereof with you. Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain. And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we are incorruptible. I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air; but I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

The word deacon means a man of work, a servant. And Paul was, at the zenith of his exaltation, "a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ." Jesus girded himself with a towel and washed the disciples' feet, and from this doing drew this helpful and inspiring lesson: "Ye call me Master and Lord; and ye say well; for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet.

For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you. Verily, verily, I say unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord; neither he that is sent greater than he that sent him. If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." Whereby the honorableness of the most humiliating toil (for the washing of guests' feet was the office of the lowest slave) was asserted so as to be unforgettable for evermore. Jesus "went about doing good." Paul enjoins, "Let him that stole steal no more; but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth." And he explains that his own laboring with his hands for a livelihood was not that his ministerial labors were not worthy of their hire, but that he worked as an example to those whose pastor he was, that they might, taking him as an example, become engaged in some honorable livelihood.

In the gospel view not only is labor not dishonorable, but highly honorable, and idleness dishonorable. Christianity makes people industrious, workers and not spongers; nor ever looks upon labor as a misfortune, but rather as a rare

and continuous good fortune. So that in the new political economy of Christianity, to have a work, to be necessary, is to be blest and happy. The work a man does is the moral gauge of his value to society; so has Christ dominated in the economic theories of the world.

A second fact, big with importance, is the place of poverty in the kingdom of God. A sort of keyword in this Beatitude:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of God." With Christ there are no tears for poverty, nor sneers at its patched and ragged indigence, but a turning toward it a smiling face and lips parting in beatitude. Christ and the gospel never intimated that poverty is a misfortune. Such an idea never found place in their thought. Out of penury Jesus sprang; out of poverty came the apostles and the early Church. Heaven is to be peopled largely with the poor, because the poor are a majority in our earth. I find in the gospel no intimation that Jesus had in mind to banish poverty from the world, whereas his "The poor ye have always with you," conjoined with the apostolic insistence on giving to the poor, might

suggest at least the notion that Christianity did not propose the actual elimination of poverty. Honorable poverty is no curse. Criminal poverty is the world's bane. Crime makes poverty. Religion unmakes poverty. The good man has thrift, economy, forecast, industry; and this partnership will in most instances make for him a tolerable livelihood. Beggars decrease with spreading Christianity. As Christianity makes for commerce by multiplying wants, so Christianity makes for self-support by teaching honesty, frugality, and industry.

Another principle in the economics of the gospel is the retention of individuality in labor and laborer. Christ is against *numbering*, and in favor of *naming*, as has been pointed out earlier in this treatise. The labor reformer whose schemes for amelioration include a mechanical system in place of a human and psychological system, will find the stars fighting against him as they did against Sisera. God is for the man. The invective against modern machinery (vilified often as a foe to the intelligence of the laborer because machinery thinks for him) probably overlooks certain facts. One is that the routine

labor never did require a superfluity of thought. Does the lapidary art require a heavy draft on mind? Did the working of the old hand-loom require largely from intelligence? Does the blacksmith's toil strenuously tax his intellect? Does the farmer's work tax his brain heavily? There is much myth in alarm over machinery. A second fact is that even if less intelligence is required now than formerly to conduct a manufacturing process, yet the shortened hours of labor more than compensate in mental opportunity. No artisan need be a flabby intellect. No necessity is on him. He has time enough to make him a scholar in any field if he apply himself in his hours of leisure. I have taken pains in a variety of localities to study the intellectual opportunity of the artisan, and find that his ignorance, if ignorant he is, arises not usually from the lack of chance, but from the non-use of chance. He studies amusement rather than benefit. The theater (leaving the entire question of its moral effect out of the view) is as great a foe to the intelligence of the working classes as can be imagined, and this because in the continually going to theaters

to be amused they become intellectual gad-abouts. They want to be amused with some phase of the spectacular. A good book an hour a day will in twenty years lift her or him who reads it to the morning plane of vision and enjoyment. Whoever says that the bulk of people are shut off from social and intellectual life by labor, simply does not know. Some are—say many are, but *the* many are not. Railroad men, all manufacturing employees, packing-house men, the great bulk of clerks, farmers, machinists, have time, and to spare. Men are ignorant because they loaf and tell stories better unsaid and better unheard. Young men in a city do not lounge around saloons because they are so wearied they can not think, nor yet because there is no place open for them to spend their unemployed hours, but because they love darkness rather than light, or, to put it more mildly, because they love questionable places and questionable society above places and society which are beyond reproof. The libraries and other appurtenances of modern Christian civilization are at their disposal. If they are ignorant and

empty-headed, the fault is not their drudgery of toil, but the inanity of their desire.

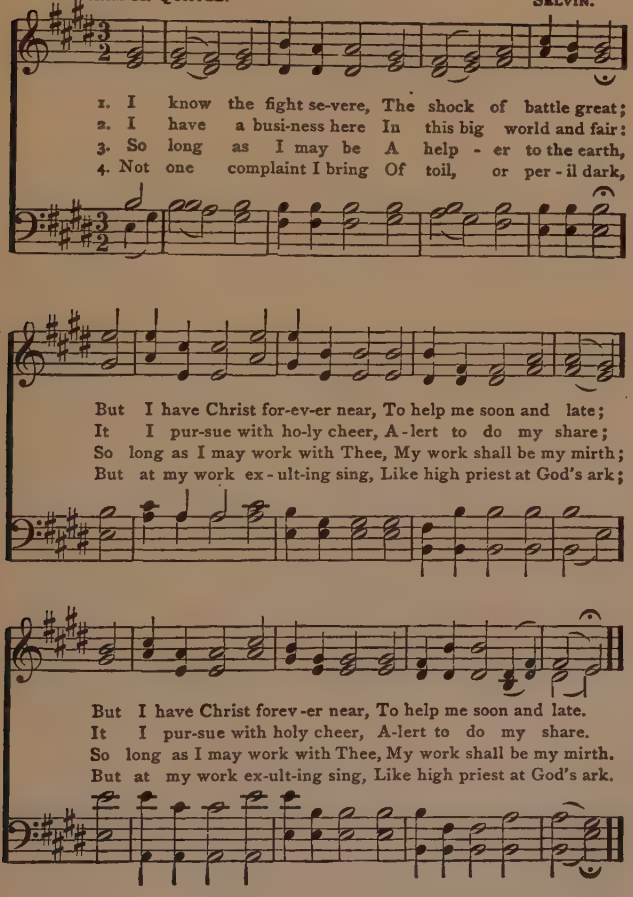
Some people are unquestionably worked too long and too hard. The sweating system is to be condemned and never condoned, and to its abolition philanthropists must direct the attention of legislation with unabated zeal. It can be, and must be abolished. Christianity stands for individual work, for everybody working, for free opportunity for labor, for economical use of moneys earned, for a just division between capital and labor; but stands for capital as a chance for labor and a result of labor, for justice on the part of the employer to the employee, and for justice on the part of the employee to the employer; stands for a competent worker and a considerate employer; stands in the field of labor for abolition of that heirloom term, "servant" and "master," substituting in their stead employed and employer. And to those who study this matter it must be a subject of sincere gratification to note how these bettering conditions and bettering nomenclatures are prevailing, and how seldom in America we hear

talk of "my servants." Americans, in the main, know better than to talk after this fashion. The coachman is as much a man of politics as his employer, and only in his regalia is he a hired man. When he gets his street clothes on he is a citizen. In a republic you can not permanently foist these terms of subordination on anybody. The air is against it. Liberty will not tolerate it.

The gains for labor must, in the main, come from within labor. No nationalism can exalt or employ labor permanently, as I have tried to show in my brochure on "A Study of Current Social Theories." Christian individualism is the only explanation and destination, because that only is congruous with man's nature, with his freedom and the just scope of government, whose office is to serve rather than control. The redemption of the soul and body comes not from soap, but from grace, though soap becomes a means of grace for a redeemed body. Christianity is a day-laborer, and joins with the Christ, the great philanthropist, in lifting the laborer out of the ranks of machinery into the ranks of manhood.

A WORK SONG

WILLIAM A. QUAYLE. SELVIN.


1. I know the fight se-vere, The shock of battle great;
2. I have a busi-ness here In this big world and fair:
3. So long as I may be A help - er to the earth,
4. Not one complaint I bring Of toil, or per - il dark,
But I have Christ for-ev-er near, To help me soon and late;
It I pur-sue with ho-ly cheer, A-lert to do my share;
So long as I may work with Thee, My work shall be my mirth;
But at my work ex - ult-ing sing, Like high priest at God's ark;
But I have Christ forev-er near, To help me soon and late.
It I pur-sue with holy cheer, A-lert to do my share.
So long as I may work with Thee, My work shall be my mirth.
But at my work ex-ult-ing sing, Like high priest at God's ark.

A PERSONAL PRAYER

WE thank Thee, Heavenly Master, that Thou didst say in our hearing, "I must work the work of Him that sent me," and again Thou didst say, "I must work to-day and to-morrow and the day following." It were a shame for us to be idle when Thou wast day-laborer. We are glad for something to do and a heart to do it. We bless Thee for hands that are virile, prehensile, accommodative to every phase of toil; that they can grasp the hoe or the sword or the plow, or the ship's helm, or the boat's prow to drag it on the shore when the voyage is done, or from the beach back into the sea once more, or that can finger the lute with the dim suggestions of music even when silent, and the fisher's net or the hammer or the pen or artist's brush, or the scythe or the cradle which needs rocking while our lips are singing, or the dishes for setting the supper-table where the lamps are lit and the laugh goes round, or to hold the limp hand of weary weakness or the Book of God for reading—we bless thee for such multi-laboring hands. We are God's born manufacturers, and his design is that there should be not one lazy man or woman among us all. So may we not frustrate the grace of God.

Make us honest workers, eager to do a good deal before the work-hours are over. Give us the skill of holy cunning and zest. May we love the smell of our own shavings, and rejoice in the toil that makes our hands callous and the muscles of the arm vigorous. May the sun bronze our faces and love's labor make our hearts grow glad as if we were on a holiday; and when our tired hands fall and we can work no more, grant us to be among that elect company whose works do follow them. Receive our oblation in the name of God our Father, and Jesus our Redeemer, and the Holy Spirit our Comforter. Amen.

CHAPTER VII

The Sanity of Christianity

"We have received the spirit of a sound mind"

PRAYER

At morn the trumpet blew the call to arms;
And I, a soldier, sprang from bed of clay,
Whereon aweary I did rest till day
With trumpet blare did rouse to mad alarms
Of conflict fierce as hell: Nor dreams with charms
Of pictures sweet as heaven could me delay;
I must for battle gird; yet with me stay
Those dreams like bulwarks sheltering from harms.
And such is prayer. Each day before I pass
From my own privacy with God, I lay
My life before His cross, believing all
His Word hath taught me, which doth glass
His beauty back to men. I kneel; I pray:
My prayer defends me till the shadows fall.

IN a recent issue of the *Methodist Review* is an article of remarkable strength, written by President Little, and entitled, "The Place of Christ in Modern Thought," and in this article is the following phrase: "The revival of religion with which our century began was therefore a return to sanity. It would have been another form of madness but for the reality and Divinity of the Lord of life and glory." This saying is profound, and worthy of attentive consideration. Christianity is sanity. Christ was essentially sane. I have always felt that. No person can read the Gospels and not feel that those who wrote them were sane. They are not rhapsodists, nor are their writings rhapsodies, but recollections given with such straightforwardness and manliness, and lack of wonder at the wonderful things they rehearsed, and freedom from ejaculation or emotion over miracles, which fairly stupefy the reason as we read them now. If any one will read the Gospels as he would read any

other narrative, he will feel them true, and that the authors were balanced men. Jesus and Paul were accused of madness, but not because of how they acted, but because of *what* they said. The claims of Christ for himself, and Paul's claim for him, were the grounds for the accusation in both instances. Neither Jesus nor Paul acted insane; they always kept themselves in rein. Enthusiasm is necessary, laudable, desirable; but irrationality is not desirable. It always hurts Christianity. The simple enthusiast hurts what he would help. Christianity is so great a business fraught with such immortal interests, that its methods should be carefully studied and guarded. Extravagance is not wisdom. Just claims will get clientage. Excess receives derisive laughter. Eagerness must not run into riot. Indifference is damaging; fanaticism is destruction. There is a middle ground; namely, the ground of Jesus and the evangelists, which found, seized, kept—will be in itself an apostolate of good.

An inspiring advocacy is desirable. Such was John Quincy Adams's championship of the right of petition, constituting the initiative of

the campaign against slavery in America, which ultimated in the freeing of slaves by Abraham Lincoln, and constitutes one of the brilliant chapters not only in a brilliant career, but in the history of wise, continuous, and manly antagonism against existing wrong. Such an instance might well serve as pattern of attack upon intrenched evil; but here is enthusiasm, not fanaticism. Flee conventionality in religion, but flee religious lopsidedness also. "Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called," "not as fools, but as wise," "that the gospel be not blamed," three separate Scriptures which dovetail into each other, as if mortised for such use. The Christian is in "all things to be a pattern," and a fanatic is a pattern for nobody save as he is to be shunned. That discriminative saying of the Scriptures, "We have received the spirit of love and power and of a sound mind," is so sane and bold and wholesome as that we may safely hold to that.

There are fatalities in thought as in life; and concessions may be made which can not be recalled. Thinking and conduct are alike beset with dangers; and an error in thought must log-

ically be followed by an error in conduct, a fact to which we give too little emphasis. We proceed as if thought and act were distinct entities, whereas the two are inseparable. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he" is a truth invariable in gravitation. Fallacious thinking will ultimate in fallacious conduct; and it will be safe to assume in any instance of aberrant action that it has had antecedent of aberrant thought. Not all thought comes to this logical conclusion; but it is unsafe in the last degree to indulge in the hope that men may think as they will without detriment to their actions. This is allowed to be true in the domain of morals, but that it is equally true in the domain of non-ethical action seems not to be sufficiently considered. Heresy of thought can have but one result. Loose methods of reasoning will inevitably ultimate in loose methods of doing.

The foregoing ideas spring naturally out of the topic under consideration. It has been in vogue in high quarters even to speak of "cranks" in apologetic and sometimes in eulogistic terms. To hear a reformer referred to as a "crank" is not infrequent. The writer believes any such

usage to be a fatal looseness in thought. Christ, we are told, would be considered a "crank" in our time. I believe such statement to be unqualifiedly untrue. There was nothing monstrous about Jesus. He impressed us as natural. "Balanced" would seem a fitting word to express that astonishing co-ordination of powers in Jesus. He never seemed *outre*. We feel as we read the brief biographies written by eye-witnesses or competent historians, that his conduct was in striking harmony with the occasion, whatever that may have been; and to denominate Christ a "crank" is not simply an infelicity of speech, but an incongruity of thought, and betrays a disregard of the facts, for which there is no palliation. How frequently do we hear such a statement as this: "Cranks are necessary; I never knew a machine without a crank;" from which, of course, we are to infer "cranks" are a necessity. It amounts to this, no cause can get on without cranks; and every crank solaces his soul with this notion. He needs to remember that many a crank is attached to no machine, and a crank detached is a very useless bit of material. I am of those who think that

our loose thought and talk are, in part at least, responsible for the multitude of cranks with which Church and State are infested.

The truth is, a crank is a man who lacks balance. He is either temporarily or continuously a monomaniac. He is as the Cyclops was fabled to be, the possessor of but one eye. Now, if we hold a crank to be what the foregoing definition affirms, people will not take so readily to calling themselves cranks, and a man would no more felicitate himself on being a crank than he would on being a maniac.

A man is himself when he possesses all his powers in due co-ordination and subordination, as a machine is sound when every part acts in its appropriate sphere. And a man is best equipped for steady usefulness when he is most a man. In other words, that man is best fitted to influence others in any given direction who is recognized as a balanced man—not crotchety, but capable, candid, and of a sound mind. The writer's belief is that a crank is always a damage. The moment a soul loses balance it loses power. Lopsidedness is not strength. The beauty and

utility of the human body depend on the proportion in form and the balance of parts. A monstrous trunk with baby legs produces a monstrosity; but it will appear that people not a few mistake monstrosity for strength. Sandow is singularly well proportioned; and manhood to be useful to the full of its powers must be the same.

There is little choice in cranks. With all of them it is a case of sailing between Scylla and Charybdis—falling into one, we devoutly wish it had been the other. Cranks may be divided into political, ecclesiastical, culturistic, and general. The sign on each is that of the monomaniac—he has one topic. The doctor who threw all patients into fits, since he was death on fits, is the worthy progenitor of this entire ilk. With the crank, life's brevity seems so impressive that he must ventilate his one idea incessantly. He is a humbug, and his idea is likely to be a fake.

So soon as you see a man is a crank, so soon has he lost all influence with you. You know, if you have sense, that he is disqualified

to pass an intelligent judgment on any question. He has cut himself off from a judicial frame of mind. He is as a wild buffalo charging at a red rag, having neither eye nor sense for anything else. The fact is, no one truth can pre-empt the world, nor ought it to pre-empt the mind; and the man who has allowed one notion to fill his thought has missed much of the dignity of life, as well as cut off the right arm of his own strength.

In no instance in history, so far as the writer has read, has anything been achieved by a man being a crank. True, men who were cranks have succeeded in doing notable things, but this was in spite of and not because of their crankiness. To adduce a prominent instance of the ultraism of crankism in genius, consider Wendell Phillips. No right-minded man will underrate Phillips's genius for discovering moral issues, for terrible invective, for classic oratory, for indomitable purpose; but in so far as he became a crank he became shorn of strength. Lincoln, not Phillips, was the emancipator. Yet Phillips, seeing but the one issue, would have sidetracked

all besides, and was one of the men who, when Lincoln had need of every loyal man's support, was lifting up a faulting voice against him, and even after the slave was freed, bolted the Republican party because in 1864 it renominated Lincoln, though that should have made no difference. True, Phillips returned to the party before November; but the cruelty of the act and the folly of the procedure were none the less. Now, is it not apparent that Phillips's achievements were not the cause of, but in spite of, the crankiness? Every one-ideaed man is a social pest. "This one thing I do," said Paul; but the phrase is not to be construed into a declaration of crankism; for Paul's versatility of thought and address to his Master's business is one of the phenomena of biography.

The religious crank is a special affliction. It needs to be noted that a crank in a good matter is more insistent and harassing than any other. He anathematizes all who differ from him, and demands that what is uppermost in his thought shall be uppermost in everybody's thought; and if it is not so, those differing from him are con-

signed to the Gehenna of those who love not our Lord Jesus.

In the writer's belief, no one thing needs to be more persistently taught our young Church men and women than that their usefulness in the Church and their service for the Christ depend in a marked measure on their balanced Christian character and action. The Christian of all men should be he who has a right perspective; who sees all truths in their right relations; who, putting God first, gives to all subordinate facts legitimate emphasis. Everything in its order is just and commendable.

The conclusion is that cranks are never justifiable, and we devoutly pray for the passing of the fanatic, and the reign of men of sound mind, heart, will, and conduct.

Christianity is sanity of view and method, and the reason why it must and does prevail is because it has no omissions nor abnormalities. A great, sane Christ, with a wide, sane plan for recovering the world to God—this is the gospel. The plan for raising Cervera's fleet is probably doomed to failure; not so Christ's redemptive plan. He is raising the sunken fleet of this

world. There is no sign other than of discriminative process in all the gospel system, and so Christianity appeals to man at his saner moments, when he comes to himself, as the prodigal son is said to have done. Christ and Christianity are safe leaders because they are sane leaders.

A PRAYER

LORD, in Thy Word we are told that if any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God. We would hold fast to that suggestion. Our lack oppresses us like a great weight. The spirit of a sound mind is a gift we need. Grant us that mercy. Make us to be on daily guard against the marauding instinct which clamors and swaggers in words and ways, that runs riot like a stream in flood-time. Show us that in our restraint is evidenced our fidelity to God, and that fervency of spirit is evidenced no less by consideration than by vociferation. May we weigh our thoughts and words and goings so that in nothing the gospel shall be blamed! May we be enthusiasts but not madmen! May we love Thee with a passion strong as strength, and serve Thee with a delicacy like the fine instinct of womanhood! May we forward God's cause and not retard it, assist all measures which lift life Godward, persist in every calm and manly quality of mind and heart, to the end that through us the coming of Thy kingdom may be hastened and the coronation day of Jesus the Son of God may run toward us with swifter steps! Help us, for to help ourselves seems far from us. Amen.

CHAPTER VIII

Christianity and Thought-Life

"But Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart"

"Whatsoever things are pure, think on these things"

DEFEAT

I plucked a feather from an eagle's wing,
And thought to write a song of epic might,
Whose deep-toned music should men's dreams excite
And plaudits—which as seas should swing
In ever-widening billows, and should ring
Like living laughter that would change the night
And silence into joy and grace and light,
And make its glooms and solitudes to sing.
I wrote—and no one read my poem through.
And then I found a feather from a mourning dove,
Dropped from its wing in flying through a wood,
And wrote a psalm of pain and pity, true
To life, and tender with immortal love;
And weary hearts both read and understood.

THOUGHT is that exercise of the human mind whereby man, stationary in a dot among the stars, a citizen of the earth, becomes a traveler through and at home in the boundless universe. No one has explained the mystery of thought, nor need attempt the task, seeing it is "hid from the eyes of the wise and prudent" as wisdom is. That section of the drama of Job devoted to the asserting of the inability of man to locate wisdom might stand instead for a description of man's failure to locate thought. Descartes's philosophical apothegm was, "I think, therefore I am," making thought the first step—a point of departure for his discovery of the soul. We think, and our thought is a reality more sure than avalanche or mountain. We feel our lives resonant to the thoughts of elect thinkers, as if our souls were stringed instruments; and after all our responsiveness to thought, and rare delight in it, we can not even guess what thought is! Surely, we are "fearfully

and wonderfully made." To thought, Christianity makes appeal—an appeal strenuous and continuous. Offering our bodies a living sacrifice to God is said by Paul to be "our logical service"—a happy phrase, and truthful. Logic is the appeal to reason; Christianity is the appeal to reason. It asks faith truly, but faith on evidence, and not without. Luke's Gospel and his Book of Acts are the testimony of eyewitnesses. Nothing was set down on hearsay or imagination, but was inquired into according to the most rigid methods of testimony then current; and history was a science among the Greeks. Luke was a physician. You can see this in his writings. How his craft puts its earmarks on him in his writing! A physician trusts to his eyes. He diagnoses. He is rigid, his tendency being to materialism rather than to idealism. This bias is one of the practitioner's dangers. But in a historian of the life of Jesus, and the initial spread of Christianity, this bias was of incalculable service. Luke does not affect to have seen the Christ. He certainly was no apostle. At what point in his career he crossed the path of the gospel nobody knows;

for Luke is as invisible in his writing as Boswell in his writings of Johnson. Luke is not the theme. The gospel is the theme, and Christ the heart and life of that gospel. But Luke is Paul's family physician. He was critical. You mistake him if you assume he is agape with curiosity and credulity. He is calm and grave, judging symptoms, taking, as it were, the gospel's pulse and temperature. Luke is no crude, credulous writer. He gives the established facts of a supernatural invasion called the gospel, and he turns a searchlight on the face of Jesus. He lived in those day when all facts could be established; when the guards that stood at Jesus' grave, and the centurion who commanded at his crucifixion, and the quaternion of soldiers who threw dice for the possession of his seamless garments, when the disciples and their antagonists, were living, active, accessible. On such evidence faith is appealed to in this supernatural Christianity. The direct appeal of Christianity, then, is to the rational; let no one think otherwise.

And, besides, Jesus' method was the method of stimulating thought. His appeal was to the

head as to the heart. Our immediate thought concerning Jesus' sayings would be, "Surely, Jesus will make his audience understand him, and will, in consequence, speak with utterance easy to be understood." In him we had anticipated lucidity of thought and style. Here, if anywhere, we ought to find certain transparency in statement. I have rowed on streams of such delightful clearness that the flints which paved the bottom, and the seams in the rocky floor, and the fish darting like arrows shot from some invisible bow, all were visible. You saw through water as you saw through air; and such lucidity of style we had anticipated in Jesus' sayings. Clearness is a virtue in writer or speaker. Words are for importation of ideas—the communication of thought. And we are sometimes told to use the simplest words, which is a bit of blundering advice, seeing what we are in honor bound to do is to use the best words. Monosyllables are not of necessity easier to understand than polysyllables. Paul enjoins speaking in a known tongue, and forbids speaking in an unknown tongue. But style ought to fit the thought, and vary according to the theme. The chief sin

of Pope's style was that he had one method for saying everything. Soldier and court favorite, Hector and him who wrought the "Rape of the Lock," to each he gives the same voice. The snip of scissors and the crash of spears can not be pictured by the same words. Sometimes style may be quiet, like the current of waters on level lands; sometimes wild as the rush of tempests. The highest style illumes the theme by its very movement. But we may still insist that speech be luminous and limpid, but let it compel us; let us be borne as if some giant seized us in the dark, and ran away, bearing us on his shoulders.

And Jesus—speaking to common people, who "heard him gladly," as we are told—will speak plainly, will reduce the understanding of him to a minimum of effort, will make slight draft on the intelligence of his auditors. So we argue. But our supposition is a mistake. No one ever demanded more from his hearers. He claimed a closeness of attention which no one of the apostles approximated. He spoke, and even his disciples could not comprehend him. His were dark sayings. Christ spoke in

parables, with the intent to make men think. We mistake this matter. Christ was not so eager to be understood as he was eager to make men thinkers. And here lies the art of the hid meaning. It is stimulative. The physician gives strychnia to tone up heart action, arguing that the system needs an immediate quickening of enginery, and so he sets the heart to working harder. Christ in like manner gives a thought stimulant. Three things Jesus was concerned to do: To teach us to think, to teach us to love, to teach us to live. And Christ knew what some people do not appear to know; namely, that a degree of clear thinking is essential to loving and living. You can not take life to pieces as you can a clock. Life is a whole. You can kill a man in many ways—by stabbing him at the heart, or crushing his skull, or cutting his jugular; for life is a whole, and man's soul machinery is a unit. You may take a watch apart, pile its wheels and springs and jewels together, and put them back, and the watch runs. Not so with man's soul. It is indivisible. All the machinery of life is brought into play at all times; sometimes, truly, an emphasis is placed

upon certain parts, but all parts work. A locomotive is continually pumping water, though when the engine defies distance and gravitation, and outspeeds the tornado, you do not notice this pumping process. Life's machinery is a unit, and has solidarity. The man who lives must love and think. The man who loves must think. A degree of thought is essential to love. Man is possible lover and possible thinker. The soul has this capacity, and capacity is all there is until the soul becomes operative.

Christ was concerned supremely to make men think, and here is the key to his parabolic utterances. To make people think, you must get attention; and, indeed, to make children think is education. Not to think for scholars, but to make scholars think for themselves, that is education. Teaching is not piling facts into the mind like bales of cotton, though this is a part of education, but to help the child to think. We are to learn where things are and what things are, in order to make knowledge available. And Christ designed to make us avail ourselves of our supplies; and thinking may be defined as utilizing the stores of the soul. Christ

was a peerless teacher. Socrates in the market, and Plato walking about the Academe, or Jowett taking long excursions with his pupils, or Agassiz inspiring those who were his scholars, or Mark Hopkins, with his unique power of imparting truth and enthusiasm—what teachers these were! But what were these teachers compared with Christ? He set men to thinking as none of them did or could. And Christ's method of stimulating men to thought was speaking in parables. He was courteous always. He did not goad men to thought as Socrates did; for Socrates was a philosopher, but not a gentleman. Christ was philosopher and gentleman, and knew how to make men easy in his presence, which is the highest test of culture. He who knows how to make people feel at home with him is a cultured gentleman. To make folks feel at home in your company is a fine art. So Jesus used the courteous but the pungent method of parable. He told men things hard to understand to make them think. They went away from his preaching wondering what was it he meant. He told them such hard

things that the disciples themselves could not understand them, much less could the people. But he drove them to attention and remembrance and thought. The disciples asked him his meaning. Jesus understood the art of making his sayings remembered. Whenever words hold like an arrow knit in the flesh with its barb, that is greatness. And, besides, parable is God's method in nature. He does not tell us how he does, but simply does; and we wonder why, and become philosophers and thinkers.

Jesus spoke in parables. He was, in other words, a poet. All things appeal to him in figures. Shakespeare was packed with simile, trope, metaphor. He is enamored of similitudes. Jesus was the same, only larger and Divine. The universe is related; therefore some things are like other things. Some subtle point of union and communication exists between things, if we can hit upon the point. Jesus saw things, and as he saw them so he told them. He said, "I am the vine;" and men have studied that profound saying for nineteen hundred years, and have not exhausted it yet, and indeed can not

exhaust that pregnant suggestion. In a word, we may see from Jesus' methods how large a store is set on thought.

And in order to thought, Christianity fosters silence, which means self-communion, thoughtfulness, and apartness. One fairly feels the quiet in the Scriptures' brief description, "And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide." Silence and aloneness are good for the soul. Mary, we are told, hid the miraculous circumstances connected with the birth of Jesus in her heart. She was meditative. She pondered over the amazing things through which her life had passed. And meditation is made much of in the gospel. "Examine your own selves" is the apostolic injunction, which clearly means, Think, ponder on thine own life.

Jesus was and is the pattern in the gospel as he is its vital force and creator. He was a busy man. Labor and he were always neighborly. His face had a tired look upon it always. Busy folks are apt to substitute action for thinking, as if life were not commodious enough for both. There may not be room at the inn where Christ may be born, but there is room in the soul for

meditation and achievement. The meditations of Thomas á Kempis are quite possible for a man who is not a recluse. Amiel might have been a man of eager activities and redundant labor, and still have written his Journal. Sir Walter Scott, one of the busiest of all history's busy men, found room in his busy life for an elaborate journal, which only stopped when his pen trailed across the journal's page like the tip of a bird's broken wing, as he wrote his last words, "On the next morning—," and with a sentence just begun his hand tires so that he writes no more. John Quincy Adams, one of the most versatile and brainy American statesmen, found time to compose an ample diary: from which facts I infer there is time in the busiest man's busy life for meditation. This dreamy mood is a necessity to a great soul's growth, as quiet often comes after the turbulence of tempest. Jesus was busy. He was "thronged." He turned nobody away. He had time enough to do the work needing doing. But he must have quiet; therefore he haunted mountains and nights and the sea. How he loved to linger by the Sea of Galilee! How

often we find him on the mountains alone at night! And, besides this, his eighteen years of quiet life in Nazareth, where, up to the age of thirty he lived, made him master in thought. You can not doubt this, for his doctrine was shaped when he first told it to us. He did not tell it all, but he knew it all. The Galilean days were Christ's great nodal days. There he came to himself and his mission. How Jesus came to self-understanding and perceived his mission is one of the fascinating problems of psychology and Christianity. Whether the knowledge came to him when for the first time he stood and saw the golden roof and glittering spires of the Temple at Jerusalem we can not tell, but certain it is that when he came to the temptation in the wilderness the devil thrust sore at him, and said, "If thou be the Son of God," and this to make a wild struggle in his soul; but Jesus threw him off as you would throw off wolves from your throat, when, mad with hunger, on the Siberian steppes in the winter, they attempt to seize your flesh for meat and blood for drink. And certain it is that at the Last Supper that significant phrase was uttered, which we can never

make enough of, seeing it shows the fixedness of his character and self-knowledge. "Jesus, knowing that he came forth from the Father, and must return to the Father," is the Scripture saying which shows that his faith in himself and his ministry was now solid like the rooted mountains. Jesus was not a splintered mast, tossed about by the incessant waves. He was rooted rather as the cedars, and this rooting was in his thought-life; and the long years when he was hidden from us in eclipse, these were to him what the spring is to harvests. He thought. A matchless grace sat on his lips; but a matchless grace also sat in his thought.

Thought-life is the cure for superficiality; and superficiality is the death-thrust to greatness of deed and spirit. The depth of Christianity impresses me as the depth of the sea does, and the height of the sky can be measured more readily than the altitude of the Christ-thought, experience, and operation, in his days and through history. A profound thought is not only consonant with Christianity, but essential to it. To love the most we must have an abiding thought. Milton was exhaustless be-

cause his thought had steady quiet. He spoke, sung, shouted in battle-tone, but his might grew on him in silence. Christ-haunting solitudes is suggestive. There is a pregnant suggestion in this. Some people clatter like empty wagons in their religious service and expression, and this because they have not "studied to be quiet," a saying which, while not meaning this type of quiet, may well allow to have that interpretation put upon it. The wise wait for a mighty, moving spirit in silence in God's House, in the House of Prayer. Introspection is depth-giving. We ought, as Christians, to study religious health, and for such should be somewhat alone. There is much in the spirit of mysticism, because mysticism is a part of the Christ system. Read from Tennyson's "The Mystic:"

"Always there stood before him, night and day,
Of wayward, vari-colored circumstance
The imperishable presences serene,
Colossal, without form, or sense, or sound,
Dim shadows but unwaning presences
Four-faced to four corners of the sky:
And yet again, three shadows, fronting one,
One forward, one respectant, three but one:
And yet again, again and evermore,
For the two first were not, but only seemed,

One shadow in the midst of a great light,
One reflex from eternity on time,
One mighty countenance of perfect calm,
Awful with most invariable eyes.
For him the silent congregated hours,
Daughters of Time, divinely tall, beneath
Severe and youthful brows, with shining eyes
Smiling a godlike smile (the innocent light
Of earliest youth pierced through and through with all
Keen knowledges of low-embowéd eld),
Upheld, and ever hold aloft the cloud
Which droops low-hung on either gate of life,
Both birth and death: he in the center fixt,
Saw far on each side through the grated gates
Most pale and clear and lovely distances.
He often lying broad awake, and yet
Remaining from the body, and apart
In intellect and power and will, hath heard
Time flowing in the middle of the night,
And all things creeping to a day of doom."

Our mistake is to suppose action is everything. One reason why private prayer is so stimulative is that it sets the soul out from the highway like the weary traveler going from the road to the cooling shades to bare his brow to the soft wind's touch, and to lay his staff of pilgrimage aside and rest. Christ's minute regulations on this element of quiet are not unpre-

meditated. He knew at what fountains his own spirit had drunk, and commends them; and so says, "When thou prayest, go into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, there make thy prayer."

Dr. William V. Kelley, in a beautiful essay, entitled "The Fable of Ætna," says, among other gracious and helpful things, "Life lacks not so much breadth as height;" and the way to have height is to spend time in solitude of thought. And it was while John sat solitary on Sunday, thinking of the gospel, in meditation, love, and prayer, and so swept out of God, that God swept the Eternal City into John's soul with moving and majestic power before his eyes, which are ensamples unto us, on whom the ends of the world are come, that we are to be closeted with the gospel and its solitudes. We come upon God's fullness in the quiet of the most holy place.

"O weary Hands that all the day
Were set to labor hard and long,
Now softly fall the shadows gray,
The bells are rung for even song;

An hour ago the golden sun
  Sank slowly down into the west;
Poor, weary Hands, your toil is done;
  'T is time for rest!—'t is time for rest!

O weary Feet! that many a mile
  Have trudged along a stony way,
At last ye reach the trysting stile;
  No longer fear to go astray.
The gently-bending, rustling trees
  Rock the youg birds within the nest,
And softly sings the quiet breeze,
  ''T is time for rest!—'t is time for rest!'

O weary Eyes! from which the tears
  Fell many a time like thunder rain—
O weary Heart! that through the years
  Beat with such bitter, restless pain,
To-night forget the stormy strife,
  And know what Heaven shall send is best;
Lay down the tangled web of life;
  'T is time for rest!—'t is time for rest!"

Soul, go apart and rest a little. Peradventure, while thou waitest, God shall come and sit beside thee, and take thine hands, and let thee into his secret!

A PRAYER

PRECIOUS Christ, we have read how that to those that believe Thou art precious; and, besides, we ourselves know it by gracious personal experience, and in consequence rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Thou art our joy and our song. Thou makest us to run unwearied and to walk with never a thought of faintness, and at holy intervals we mount up on wings as eagles. Thou fillest our mouth with laughter, Thou anointest our head with oil, our cup runneth over. Thou art the Man that died for me; Thy precious blood is certified to cleanse my sin. Thou wast alive and Thou wast dead—and now, but now Thou art alive for evermore and makest prayer for me. It passes knowledge, this wide love of thine.

Precious? Yea, Lord, Thou art precious, so precious as that to die is gain, to be with Thee and to live is triumph, if by our life we may enhance a little Thy splendid triumph over sin. Thou art precious to our hope and to our faith and to our hunger and to our devotion. What time we pray Thou art father love, mother love, brother love, wife love, husband love, and love of friend and little child. Thou art all loves fused together into one holy affection. Thou art love, seeing Thou art God. For which cause we worship thee, strong Son of God. Like Thomas, we would fall with voices thrilled with repentance and with tears, and cry, "My Lord and my God!" We love Thee and would worship Thee and serve Thee with robust fidelity and unflagging devotion of attitude and action. Help us, precious Savior. May we never weary in doing well, but keep faith with man and God, for the sake of Christ! Amen.

CHAPTER IX

The Aristocracy of Christianity

"According as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith"

GOD'S BETTER THINGS

As ONE who holds a letter in his hand
With seal unbroke, and looks away and dreams,
Both near and far unseen, forgot, while streams
White light on him and what he holds; unplanned
This strange neglect as heartache in a land
Of spring, though what the letter holds he deems
Of lesser worth and merit. Dreaming seems
Diviner good under whose shade to stand.
Thus I, who hold this earthly life a boon
Worth living and worth loving too, do still
Esteem it of less value than the vast
Expected life on which I enter soon
When earth's school-days are ended and the thrill
Of pain and death and resurrection passed.

THE Athenian Democracy was an Aristocracy, the theory of government being that the best (Aristoi) should control. With this meaning, aristocracy is a palatable word. The best in heart and thought are genuine aristocrats. But, unfortunately, aristocracy does not mean this, but usually means those who think they are best. All self-manufactured aristocrats are social heterodoxies. Aristocracy of blood is fallacious because it is well known that the so-called blue blood has been dastardly bad blood in its day. I recall having seen the picture of a stately lady showing her guests the picture of her ancestors. There they flamed right royally upon the wall, with their ruffs and dignity, and swords belted at their sides, and made old days of deeds and might seem near at hand; but at the side of this dame showing these pictured dignities was another picture showing a drunken revel, with men under the table in drunken stupor, others draining crystal goblets

of rare wine, and breaking their fellow-guests' heads with empty tankards. That was a side of ancestry the fair dame did not show nor care to remember. But the picture is true to life. To have the blood of ancient lineage is not to constitute him in whose veins it flows a gentleman. No ancestry can create a legitimate aristocracy. All such claims are ludicrous. The records of any aristocracy are voluminous in history totally unsavory. Because a man landed with "The Conqueror," and with him played murderous vandal, is no cause why he should be highly esteemed. Aristocracy of family is superfluous. This is not to say that people should not have a laudable pride in worthy paternity. Hallam Tennyson ought to glory in his father, who was the founder of his house. But his father's glory was not that he was made a peer, but that he was poet laureate for English speech. Browning, without the peerage, lost nothing. These distinctions are of little merit. They trick a crowd, but can not deceive history. Blood thins. A great man monopolizes the strength of his family, and leaves small stamina to supply his descendants. History does not

justify the logic of hereditary aristocracy. Then there is the aristocracy of riches, more tawdry and reasonless than the former. If a man amass his own fortune he has cause for a manly pride, if he amassed it honorably. But for a son of riches, a man who did nothing to build up the fortune he possesses, to take airs and strut and count himself great because of simple wealth—such a man excites derision among thoughtful folks. Such aristocracy is cheap and shabby.

Then culture has its votaries, who clasp hands, form coteries, and affect to be distinguished. Culture itself is laudable and desirable. All should covet it. Many possess it. None monopolize it. That cultured people should enjoy cultured people is to be expected, and is not reprehensible. They are kindred souls. Like studies, aspirations, travel, tone of thought—all conspire to create amities which are healthy. But the moment there comes to be an aristocracy of culture, its beauty fails. Culture is not an aristocracy. It shifts from men to men with kaleidoscopic alacrity. Modesty becomes culture as lengthening shadows become the evening.

Jewry had two distinct aristocracies; namely, that of lineage and that of culture. The genealogical tree kept the one alive; the scribes and priests the other. The learned despised the unlearned. The sons of royal David had often only a memory for their glory, as Joseph and Mary, but these had the mark of royalty more definite than from David's line. God loved them and they loved God, and their lives were pure and sweet and heavenly. Bible history is a history of new names. Moses left no son to take his task and carry it to completion. Moses' self only saw the Land of Promise. Joshua, not related to Moses, was a new leader, and when Joshua died he left no son to carry conquests to absoluteness. Samuel's sons were religious and historic recalcitrants, unworthy their father and unworthy their vocation. David was the greatest of his line until Jesus came. Greatness is not transmittible—is what the Bible history proclaims. How weak, then, to boast in ancestry which exhausted all its vigor and had none to let.

God sees to it that all men have a chance, and no man or family monopolizes. Three aristoc-

racies have been tried and failed. Is there another? Yes, God has an aristocracy, "According as God has dealt to every man the measure of faith." This is the credential of the new aristocracy. God's aristocracy is one of goodness. Morality is the queenly grace in the sight of God. Ancestry, riches, culture—some of us could not enter these aristocracies, but we may all pass inside the parlor doors of God's aristocracy; for all may be good.

When once God has told us things, deep things, we could not guess nor discover, they appear so simple we forget we did not always know them and wear them as our own truths, as a beauty might wear borrowed garments. I think we never would have found out the seeming simple and transparent fact of the primacy of goodness. We were as those looking for a friend, but looking in the wrong direction and seeing him not, though he was close beside us. He came from another quarter of the world. We looked at kings and nobility, at riches with their affluence, at learning, with its calm and repose, thinking here is the world's highest society; and in that direction I think we had been look-

ing yet had not God given us a star to light a torch before the dwelling-place of poverty, where goodness transformed the place into a house of royalty.

Yes, goodness is the real aristocracy. All men are learning that by degrees. We come to great truths slowly, seeing them, indeed, but not feeling them. Their wonder encroaches on us, slowly seizing our souls, as an army seizes a hostile land by slow marches, by siege, and campaign and battle. "He is a good man," we sometimes say in half-commiserative tone, while the angels shout that phrase as if they celebrated a king's birthday. Observe the question God raises in deciding whether you be plebeian or patrician. Not, who are your ancestors; not, what is your wealth; not, how cultured are you; but, how much faith have you. The Syro-Phœnician woman will be as a king's daughter then. The woman who touched the hem of Christ's garment, saying in her heart, "That will suffice and heal my infirmities," will be as of the royal line of David. People ourselves have known will be lofty and imposing figures in the triumphal procession of the day of God.

These aristocracies of faith, how they will shine above the stars until their light blinds us! I knew, years ago, a Swede woman, a stranger in a strange land, its language and its way alike foreign to her. She never wore to the house of God other than a calico gown, but she felt none the worse for that; nor was she the worse. There in God's house, her God's house, she sat with light unaccountable on her face. She caught only intermittently from the preacher a word she could understand, and then she looked a delight such as might shine in a woman's face when her husband came from the battle-fields, battle-scarred, but her living husband yet; and when she caught sight of the Scripture truth upon the preacher's lips she would shout "Glory!" and she looked "glory," too. Intellectually, I knew she wore calico, but actually, she always seemed to me to be clad in Tyrian purple, with a necklace of gems and wrought gold. You could not mistake her—she was the King's daughter in disguise. Some day, when a little more light than ordinary burnt in her heart and on her face, she will be transfigured and her garments become glis-

tening white, as no fuller on earth could whiten them, and she will fall in line with the sons of God who wave palms and wear crowns, and cry "Holy, holy, holy!"

The Christian of our day is the real aristocrat. I hail this liberation of vision. The people God marks are not the people of wealth, nor of ancestry, but of goodness; and the world is falling in line more than it thinks with this aristocracy of God. Recall the best fiction and poetry of your own day, and see the prevalence of moral worth. Unless a writer tells of some one who did nobly we are not helped. Writers do not now lead to the discovery that the hero or heroine was a lost scion of some noble house, but shows rather some deed of merit so luminous and wholesome that it was fitted to lift the soul which wrought it into the spiritual knighthood. Heroisms need no ancestry; they make ancestry. Who asks whether Hobson and those with him had blue blood? Nobody? No! No soul was found so lost to greatness that he could ask so trivial a question. Their deed was worth all ancestries. On a day before the University of Edinburgh, David Livingston appeared

to receive his degree. The student custom was, on such occasions, to make the recipient pay tribute in that he must stand their "guying" for a time. And this man came, bronzed, and one arm hanging lifeless at his side, paralyzed by a lion's teeth—this man who had endured all for Christ stood up, and their jeers froze on their lips. They felt heroism stood before their eyes that day, and as he spoke, saying, "I must go back to Africa to open up new regions for commerce, and putting down the slave-trade, and for preaching Christ," their silence broke into applause instead, and wild as the huzzas of a charging brigade. This man belonged to God's aristocracy. He sleeps in Westminster Abbey now, among princes, poets, premiers, kings—and he is not out of place. He belongs there. For in heaven he lives in the good fellowship of the sons of God.

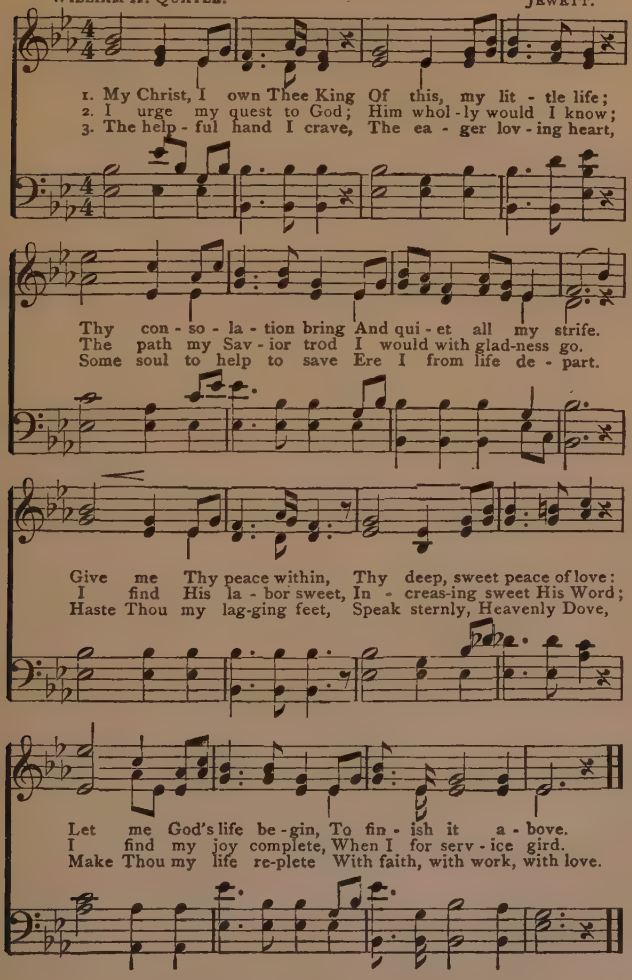
To this divine aristocracy all may belong. Goodness is our common possibility. In heaven all earthly distinctions die, nor leave even a yellow leaf of many of them. But goodness will live on in perpetual youthhood like a God.

There is a graphic scene Jesus puts before

our eyes. The judgment, dreadful and imposing, blazes before us. The ages are there. Nobody is missing. All there, and all fronting the throne where the Judge, Christ, sits. His feet are like fine brass in a flame; his hair is white like wool; his eyes flash like flaming swords, and he calls, "Come, ye blessed of my Father," and bids them enter the ranks of the aristocracy of God. They have been good and done good. That was all; that was enough; they were God's aristocrats, and with such, heaven is filled. May we be in that company!

A HYMN OF BEING AND SERVING

WILLIAM A. QUAYLE. JEWETT.


1. My Christ, I own Thee King Of this, my lit - tle life;
2. I urge my quest to God; Him whol - ly would I know;
3. The help - ful hand I crave, The ea - ger lov - ing heart,
Thy con - so - la - tion bring And qui - et all my strife.
The path my Sav - ior trod I would with glad-ness go.
Some soul to help to save Ere I from life de - part.
Give me Thy peace within, Thy deep, sweet peace of love:
I find His la - bor sweet, In - creas-ing sweet His Word;
Haste Thou my lag-ging feet, Speak sternly, Heavenly Dove,
Let me God's life be - gin, To fin - ish it a - bove.
I find my joy complete, When I for serv - ice gird.
Make Thou my life re-plete With faith, with work, with love.

A PRAYER

LORD, now are we the sons of God. Great things are happened to us. We thought ourselves impoverished, like orphans of soldiers slain in fratricidal war, when lo! we found us loved, planned for, exalted, brothers to princes, clad in purple, reigning among kings—we learn we are the King's sons and daughters, and our faces shine and our hearts grow glad. We are God's sons. That word entices us. We bless Thee for God our Father. We want no more. We would not forget our high relationship. Keep us from being blemishes at Thy feast of charity. Keep us close to the compensating great God, Let Thy face shine morning into our eyes and hearts. Give us grace, plenty of it, for the day whose stress we meet. Inhabit our heart, O Holy Spirit. Flame on our heart's altar and consume the sacrifice. thou Fire from heaven. Be in our life's courtesies like a kindly fire upon a homely hearth. We are not worthy. We have never been so dull as to estimate worthiness when once we have looked at Thee, but Thou art condescending, and our Christ has called us friends. So stay with us, enlighten our eyes lest we sleep the sleep of the dead. Breathe on our heavy eyelids so that we be not asleep when our transfiguration bursts upon us, the ecstasy of the ages and the joy of life.

Wake my memory lest I forget, lest I forget. Hear this prayer for the sake of Christ. Amen.

CHAPTER X

The Social Joy of Christianity

"The joy of the Lord is your strength"

THERE SHALL BE NO MORE DEATH

As ONE who walks through solemn woods at night,
When every star is blotted out with cloud,
And storm winds moan with rising passion loud,
Holds high above his head a torch to light
The path he takes, not knowing how to fight
The cursed blackness back except endowed
With radiance from his torch of pine,—else bowed
In darkness and defeat his manly might,—
So I above the grave of my sweet dead
Hold high this torch of God, to light the gloom
And pour in sunshine, while with praising breath
I track the footsteps of my loved one fled
To God's dear land and fair beyond the tomb:
And this my torch, "There shall be no more death!"

LAUGHTER is more native to man than tears. We laugh odds more than we weep, though we do not think so because we save our tears in a tear-bottle, forsooth forgetting that this is needless, seeing God is bottling our tears and keeping them before him; and we count our griefs as a nun her beads, and our laughter we do not subject to enumeration. Would we did. Gladness ought to have a commemoration and encomium, being altogether worthy of both. Even the babe does more smiling than weeping, though its mother does not think so, so crowded is her love with quieting the wailing voice of the child. The poet says, "The babe has no language but a cry;" but he has a visible speech, and that is laughter.

Society, like life at its normal, has more joy than despair. Not many hearts break.

"The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall.

But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining,
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

These things are true, but limitedly true, for many days are as full of delight as a meadow in early spring is full of flowers. Upon the sea I have seen days dim and dark, and heard the moan of waters infinite. I have seen the great sky and the great sea draw near each other in rain and mist, and have heard the weird wind in the masts and moving past the sails in mid-ocean; all this, truly, yet this was not all our ocean voyage. I have seen days as fair as spring-time days in heaven, when fleets of white clouds sailed slowly over the seas of heaven, drifting lazily, like ships half-calmed on tropic seas, their white sails half filled and their white hulls

lazily running against the blue ethereal sea, and have seen them go, an empty fleet to an unknown port, but fair as dreams of home to a traveler in a far, lonely land; and I have seen the vault of the sky so high that its arch smote against the gates of heaven swinging outward, and the air was balmy with the dear odors of the summer sea; and I have seen the slow waves run caressingly along the ship's side, and far away, anchored to sky or sea, we knew not which, were fleets of herring-boats, with nut-brown sails flapping idly or hanging limp like a banner after battle, and fleets of fishers' boats with snowy sails that ran daintily along the sea, like girlhood clad all in white, running across some meadow sown with violets; a crest of foam sometimes lighted on a blue billow in mimicry of tempests. The world made merry on the sea—this was as surely an ingredient of the voyage as the shock of storm-winds or the mad rush of angry waves in mood of tempest, or skies gray with pain and hopelessness. The voyage has both gray days and gold, but I am inclined to think the gold days will weigh the calendar down. Make much of joy. God does. Nature

does. Christians must, for Christianity does. Take holidays. Let business slip the leash. Be merry betimes with the birds. Let laughter be the wine you drink (drink that wine only). Have joy.

What advice is this? Are Christians to be insane and worldly? Heathen Horace sang "Carpe diem"—enjoy the day. And is the advice wrong because a heathen gave it? Do I quarrel because water crystal and frosty-cold spouts from a fountain off my own farm? Is nothing good save what speaks in the Bible? Have done. No. God's world is as full of God as God's books. Horace knew some truths as well as an apostle. He knew enjoyment was a health resort. Do not the Scriptures say, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine?" And is not the Scripture therein clasping hands with heathen Horace? Surely. Christianity has laughter that rings to heaven. Who has not sung—

> "Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
> Let earth receive her King;
> Let every heart prepare him room,
> And Heaven and Nature sing."

And music has had its education in the sanctuary. The heathen did not know quite how to sing. It is Christianity that has tuned the heart and lips to singing. Hymnology is the lordliest music ever composed. Joy runs to singing as the waters do. The Psalms sing themselves; and joy is in Christianity everywhere. "Songs in the Night" are part of the gospel's blessed benefit. Christianity has social joy, radiant and full.

John Baptist was a Nazarite and haunted the barren wilderness of Judea. His was a prophet's ragged appearance and rugged thunder-speech. He dwelt away from men. His genius was not social. His food and character were essentially those of a recluse. He was not man, but prophet. When seeing him we said, "A prophet is come." In him the human element was secondary; the prophet element primary. Who of us is not so impressed with John? We honor him, but scarcely love him. He absolves us from love. He demands our veneration and admiration. He stands tall as a saint. He lives like a soldier on the march, frugal, heroic, alert, obedient, sleeping under the open sky, tentless,

wrapped in his martial mantle of camel's hair tightened at the loins with a leathern girdle, ready for a call to arms—that is John. That is not Jesus. John was the courier, the dusty runner, clamoring so that the hills and cities echo to his thundering, "He comes, he comes, the King, make ready, make ready, the King comes!" and Jesus is the King.

In him the man is first. His manhood impresses us serenely, but deeply. His prophethood and divinity dawn on us by littles as the day does, but his manhood stands clear and strong as a solitary habitation stands out from a wide field. "The man Christ Jesus" we call him, and himself named himself "the Son of man." He is so human we love him at first sight as Elaine loved Lancelot. Christ seems neighborly. To be with him is good as to be with our mothers. His coming invites company. No wonder the supper in the upper chamber lasted long. Slight marvel if Mary sat at his feet and listened eager as a woman to a tale of love. Small wonder that Martha coveted to hear him rather than do household toil. He was a guest. John never went to feasts; Jesus always did.

They called him "wine-bibber" because he was known and sat at the table where guests were thick. The human Christ, with his manly love of friends, with its attendance of feasts and weddings, with its beautiful guesthood, with feast in his honor at Bethany in Simon the Leper's house, when Lazarus was there—these things drive us to Jesus and make us feel he was a man. Our social nature shines in him like an evening lamp lighting the room with its genial glow.

We never ought to forget that Jesus' first miracle was at a wedding and for a wedding. Politeness spoke in that miracle of making wine. Thoughtfulness lifted up its hand to grow wine, not by vineyard and grape clusters, and through sunny days of a long summer time, but to press the cluster of the water-drops and squeeze out ruddy wine. The man Christ Jesus, guest, sympathetic with the host's embarrassment, does this. How exquisite his courtesy! Jesus, bidden to the marriage, went, and a marriage is a sign of the social life of the world. A marriage is the world's best life in picture. Love, and joy, and hope, and promise—all are here. And

Christ was present. Its laughter and music grated not harshly on him. He was at home with it. Would we had seen him! And he went not as a censor, but as a man. That social joy tuned his own heart to laughter. From my heart I rejoice that John told us Jesus was a wedding guest and a helper at a wedding feast; and so Jesus began his miracles in behalf of human and home joy. Let the morose and sullen and laughterless think on this and be dumb. We can not mistake Jesus' attitude toward social instincts. He was not apathetic, but hearty. He was confederate with our merry-making. Let no one think that because we see him weeping and note the tears and do not see him when laughter makes sunrise on his face and in his eyes—let no one think he knew not laughter. The human Christ felt friendly to joy.

The old singers sang "The joy of the Lord is your strength," a word of much meaning. And we read of the disciples' return to Jerusalem "with great joy;" and we quite believe the narrative is true. Love and hope and toil for God, a rich service for the world, and hearts cleansed from sin, and family relationships with

all they mean and are—what hinders Christianity being glad? "The New Testament," says Henry Ward Beecher, "is the book of joy," and it is so because Christianity is the life of joy. It has to-day and all to-morrows and may well rejoice.

"Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."

Christianity is at home in society. Its pure morals, its elevated thought, its wide scope of experience, its perfect humanness, make it ideal as a social factor. I have sat at many banquet tables, but have never known more pure, limpid delight than when with men and women who loved God with a consuming passion. A Christian home is a place where every good thing blooms like flowers when soils and sky are propitious. A stranger from another planet coming into a Christian's home might be freely pardoned if he mistook the place and called it

heaven. A sweet singer of the medieval centuries singing of heaven, chants:

> "I know not, O I know not
> What social joys are there,
> What radiancy of glory,
> What joy beyond compare."

The social instinct is dominant in heaven. Society at large is not to be shunned by lovers of God, but to be enjoyed, and to be considered as a field of influence for Jesus. Men are folks before they are Christians, and one of the credentials of the Christian religion is that it has sane bearing on our human lives and living. We are more human because we are Christians. It fires our better selves. It makes dumb lips eloquent, and blind eyes bright with light and sight. We become responsive and receptive. Christianity tends to naturalness and consequent spontaneity. To read John Wesley's Journals, which, by-the-by, are among the unusual literary productions of literature, one is impressed that he was a manly man. I think his Journals will justify anybody's time in reading them, for he was a man open to many worlds. He read and pondered many books. His observations are

singularly sagacious. Brief words they are, but pungent, and he was master in the use of virile and nervous English. In him a generous manhood wrote and spoke. He can never, therefore, become obsolete. The hero in him never covered up the man. The man was competent to contain heroism, as I have seen pools of water by a roadside hold half the heavens. Christianity is delightfully normal in its social operation, and enlarges all best things in their capacity of receptivity and enjoyment.

The most beautiful courtesy, the strongest friendships, the most lavished generosity in gift and service, the rarest fidelity and sympathy, the suavest and sunniest temper, the cheeriest humor, the surest faith in friendship, the warmest welcome I have ever known have been found in Christian men and women. Some Christians I have known were sweeter than the breath of roses in radiant June.

A PRAYER

WE praise Thee for the joy of the Lord, and for the genuine laughter Thou hast put into our lives. We love and laugh because we live. Thou hast made rejoicing germane to our spirits. Paul said, I joy and rejoice with you all; and he was quite human in this laughing, singing mood. Give us the sunshine of spirit and countenance, such as are ours by right of our relationship to God. Keep us from moping along the journey as if we were God's invalids; but may we the rather have the springing step and bounding heart which characterize and equip the soul whose life is hid with Christ in God! We would sing unto the Lord and make merry, for that we are His, and not life nor death nor any other creature can separate us from the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.

Make us redolent of hope and cheer and summer with its skies of blue and its fields of gold, and bring us along our way laughing as children who can not tell the reason of their laughter, only that they are glad. The joy of the Lord is our strength.

We worship Thee as always through the Christ. Amen.

CHAPTER XI

The Centrality of God

"For in Him we live and move and have our being"

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE

If when daylight fades
From my life's sky,
And dusky evening shades
Droop low and lie

As clouds at anchor, blest
Am I, if far
Or near, my eyes may rest
On Christ, my Star.

Then, glooms I will not chide
Nor fear the night,
Knowing at "eventide
It shall be light."

A FASCINATING speculation of an old philosopher was that heaven lay at the geographical center of the universe. The thought is happy and suits the soul. But whether true or not, this other thing is true, that God is the center of the spiritual universe. Swinging round him as planets about the sun, the spiritual movements run. God is a necessity of spirit. Without him the soul dies to its surest life. No system of philosophy can take the place of religion, as history testifies, and because philosophy lacks God. Reason, proportion, esthetics, it may possess, but lacking God, it dies as certainly as the leaf turns gold and brown, and drops from its summer home of beauty and music when vital saps refuse to run. Lacking nutriment, it dies. Reason lacks blood. Morality is living, and in its veins is vital blood if God be there. Atheism is impossible if the world is to live and hope; and if God dies, hope dies on the same altar. Pessimism is the end of

reason. God is the goal of hope, and its point of departure too. He is all. About him, from him, to him, all holy actions and devotions move, for "Of him and by him and to him are all things," as says God's Word. And this is the saying of all literature and all life. Souls need God as earth needs the sun. What this world needs most is the unhindered sense of God. The permanent need of the physical world is the sun. The earth can grow gardens and forests; can create rivers and interior seas; can float oceans in its sky and break darkness into dawn if and because it has a sun. Without a sun the planet would be as a blind Milton,

"Dark, dark, irrecoverably dark;"

but with one, that has light for utility and beauty, clouds glow and burn out with no waste of light, filching not a ray from the fields of wheat and corn; there is enough glory and to spare. The world finds way along its lonely path because the sun shines and holds with sleepless power. This physical world owes all to this sun, but is not so much a debtor as the earth is to God. The world does not need the sun as the

world needs God. God is all the world has. He is light, heat, health, intelligence, inspiration, joy, salvation. Name his gifts, and you have catalogued human benefits. Dispossess the earth of its sun, and it will drift an iceberg through the spaces. Dispossess the world of God, and life is dead and hope glooms into an eternal night. Love dies if God dies. I repeat, the world does not need the sun as the world needs God.

Doubt kills because it eliminates God, and I am of the opinion that a study of the English doubt poets is pertinently instructive on this point. The doubt poets are Shelley, Byron, Keats, and Matthew Arnold. Shelley was a moral anarchist. Young, heady, brilliant, and standing in the presence of the Alps, whose sublime solitudes and altitudes should take conceit and atheism from both heart and lips, Shelley said, "There is no God." He was riotous against God, and declared him arbitrary in sovereignty and hateful in sway. "Prometheus Unbound" is Shelley's assertion of hate to God. Indeed, his works tell of nothing else. Read as a whole, they prove wearily reiterative of one assertion,

and that assertion is atheism in its varied forms. Shelley was social anarchist, and was in consequence, as most such are, a moral anarchist. He was against society and against God. He hated trammels and strove to break them from him. He was free lover in ethics and practice, and the history of his breaking his wife's heart and driving her to suicide constitutes one of the pathetic pages in the diabolism of doubt and atheism. Shelley was, he scarcely knew what, sometime seeming pantheist, but always cleaving to the no-God idea. He took his own notions for inspiration, being egotistical to a degree which approximates fable. He is pantheist, or atheist, or nothingist, as his mind feels at the moment, but he is always against society and against God. Yet his was a brilliancy which glitters like starry night in high latitude. His gamut of performance was slight, but he impresses the reader as a brilliant pianist does. We give more heed to the execution than to hearing the music.

Byron was a corsair. He affected misanthropy till he became the thing he affected. Now, misanthropy is a species of colossal

egotism; for who thinks the world hates him must possess a supreme estimate of himself to suppose that the world should engage to hate him. Don Juan may pass for a living Lord Byron. Byron was a moral anarchist. He hated society because he knew decent society condemned him. All his poetry is of one type; either simple endurance or audacity. Of the former quality the "Two Foscari," and "The Prisoner of Chillon" are illustrative; of the latter mood, gloomy, mysterious, rebellious "Childe Harold" and "Lara" are representative; Childe Harold being Byron a wanderer and in his first stages of becoming a Giaour; and Lara being the last stages of Byron's settled misanthropy. Don Juan is a rebel against decency and a devotee at Venus' shrine, who shocks morals and thinks himself a man of the world in so doing. Byron has a grievance and nurses it, and his self-commiseration makes him to appear as a man with a real grievance, and therefore an object of pity to many; as he seems fighting his way through obstacles when he is in fact fighting to justify his unjustifiable indecency. Byron has strength, more the pity he did not use it better. Shelley

primarily fought religion; Byron primarily fought morality.

Keats was simply negative in the religious attitude of his poetry. He was as Greek as if he had been born in Attica or Thebes in the days before Christ came. There is no tinge of Christian thought in his utterances. To be sure, his were a boy's utterances, but a boy of superb if hectic genius. But in "Endymion" and "Hyperion" is no more Christian attitude than in Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," nor as much. Keats was simply oblivious to the Christian system; or, in other words, a heathen in ethical attitude. By which is meant that he, before Matthew Arnold had lived to give the advice, had gone to Greece and not to Palestine as the home of "sweetness and light." Shelley and Byron were hostile knights, who smote with hostile might at Christian society. Their breath was hot and their sword thirsty for blood. In them was nothing tempered, not even their sword. But they had the merit of a rude might and the dash of onset which was, in a fashion, electrical.

The doubt poets came to their close in Mat-

thew Arnold. In him all the fire of the early onslaught is dead, only gray ashes being left. His doubt is not aggressive, but hopeless. In him is a sort of measureless sadness. For him Palestine holds a dream and not a man, much less a God; for him the tide of faith has ebbed, and in him doubt comes to its chaos and loneliness and frigidity. His "Empedocles on Etna" is really a fable of his own doubt. Empedocles, driven by doubt, flings himself into Etna's crater. What a biography of doubt the poem is! Doubt dries up the blood of creative art as a high wind dries up the pools along a plain. Matthew Arnold had grace and genius as a poet. High expectations were entertained of his ability, and justly so. His are verses sometimes as musical as Tennyson's. "Sohrab and Rustum" is so fraught with beauties as to be like a prairie in spring, lit with flowers and smoking with fragrance. But his doubt dried up the fountains of creation—dried them up utterly. And the loss was not his, but ours. There are those who profess to believe that by how much literature lost in Matthew Arnold's abdication of poetry by so much literature gained in

his culturistic and religious essays. I have not the heart to concur. They may be right; my heart and my head say they are wrong. I have read all of his religious and critical essays, have given them honest and appreciative attention, and in all I have the mind to sob—for is this Matthew Arnold, our poet? Is this all that is left? What a vessel broke upon the beach that day when the poet turned prose writer; but it was his doubt did it. In him unbelief is nothing creative, as some doubt might be thought to be. The old bravado of Byron and Shelley is gone. In Matthew Arnold was such longing and despair as was in Galliat's eyes when he sees the ship, bearing his heart's joy, move across the bay and over the rim of the sky, and his heart says, "All is gone, all is gone!" Such loneliness seems to me to be on Matthew Arnold always. He has memory of his nobler faith; and memory is all he has. And Matthew Arnold is a subtracter. That is all he does. He is grave. Laughter and he seem to me to have parted company. He is as one who goes into a fight feeling himself going to his doom. This

is the goal of doubt. And doubt dries up the fountains of poetry. How bitter the taste doubt leaves on the palate, seeing this is so! God is creative. He is chief poet. He is the father of music, singing birds and singing trees, and streams in the fair hills, and waves upon the shore, and happy voices of men and women whispering of love or singing it. God is such, whether men know it or know it not. As the flower has its debt to soil and sun, so soul has its debt to God. Ignorance can not cancel debt—can not eliminate obligation. The sight of a lost inheritance is the pathos of Matthew Arnold; for he knew something of God's better things. He was not blind; or if blind, he had not been born blind. He knew what light was like, and how the landscape glowed when the sun lit it up. Hear him in "East London:"

"'T was August, and the fierce sun overhead
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,
And the pale weaver, through his windows seen
In Spitalfields, looked thrice dispirited.
I met a preacher there I knew, and said,—
'Ill and o'erworked, how fare you in this scene?'
'Bravely!' said he; 'for I of late have been

Much cheered with thoughts of Christ, the living bread.'
O human soul! as long as thou canst so
Set up a mark of everlasting light,
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,
To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou roam,—
Not with lost toil thou laborest through the night!
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home."

The doubt poets came to their doom in him. Inspiration vanished like a swift-flying bird is lost in the sky. They had lost God, and they had lost all; for the loss of God is the utter loss to the heart.

Now, I deny that these are theological utterances. They are experience—human experience. And these sayings are true—true as the pain that comes from the cut of a battle-sword. Lost faith is the loss beggaring all others. Frances Brown in the *London Athenæum*, wrote a poem on "Losses," which sums up the woe of doubt in such poet fashion as to make its insertion at this point an honest necessity:

"Upon the white sea-sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses that their lives had known,
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake with quivering lip
Of a fair, freighted ship,
With all his household, to the deep gone down;
But one had wilder woe,
For a fair face, long ago
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were some mourned their youth
With a most loving truth
For its brave hopes and memories ever green;
And one upon the west
Turned an eye that would not rest,
For far-off hills, whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honors told,
Some spake of friends that were their trust no more;
And one of a green grave
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free:
'Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart hath gone from me.'

'Alas!' these pilgrims said,
'For the living and the dead,
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea!
But, howe'er it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss.'''

Christianity is fitted to mankind as a palm-branch is fitted for a king's hand. The king was first. Christianity meets the heart's need, and was created to meet it. The heart was first. The heart wants God, as I think is a fair deduction from all ruined temples and altars, as well as every cathedral that lifts its spires toward heaven; and wails of lost hope only witness to God. Lucretius and Heine and the English doubt poets do really affirm that God is a necessity of soul. His centrality is as absolutely necessary as the centrality of the heart in home and society or as the centrality of the fair sun is noon to the skies. You can not abandon God, as you can not safely abandon air. You may part company with air, but the parting is a parting of company with life. Part company with God, and you have severed friendship, not with religious dogma, as some suppose, but with the torch which kindles wood into the flame of light and warmth. A psalmist sings,

"My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God;"

and the flesh and heart of the race cry out for this living God as did this singer of the olden

time. There is a race instinct, like the instinct of love. Christianity makes fast and dominant appeal to the soul because it makes God central; or, in other words, leaves him where he clearly belongs.

This centrality of God is the assertion of the supernatural; a declaration not to be dealt with by Christians by stealth and in a gingerly way, in apologetical and deprecatory manner. Not so; but to be asserted with flashing eye and bounding heart, as a man asserts his love for the woman of his choice. Supernaturalism is Christainity's chief glory. Morality has one world; Christianity has two worlds. One has magic near at hand and definite; the other has a magic that runs far back beyond that "bourne from which no traveler returns." It is a custom with many persons, even professed Christians, to attempt to reduce the supernatural of Christianity to a minimum, as if thereby they should render their system more credible. All such attitude, to my mind, is wrong first, last, and always. Christianity's chief appeal to the soul that is hungry and thirsty after what it has not is that Christianity is a supernatural fact and force.

Our life is in Christ as we read, "In him was life." Christianity is an importation. Men not a few seem bent on reducing the Christian system to a level of naturalism. They do everything to rob it of its wealth and power. Christianity's glory is its supernaturalism. Christ brought it with him from heaven. The triumph of Christ is two worlds made in him. The gracious logic of the case is this: If Christ, a citizen of heaven, dwelt on earth, then can I, a citizen of earth, dwell in heaven. In Christ man is acclimated to God, and becomes native to two worlds. Jesus was *the* miracle; Christianity is *a* miracle. If there is a God, and if that God is in Christ, these are the incredible facts; and after seeing that these incredible things are possibilities—nay, and actualities—all miracles become an easy reading. We are "born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." Here lies our exceeding joy and our incalculable wealth. This is the great supernatural verity with which the Christian is familiar.

God's centrality in the astronomy of the soul

of man is asserted in conscience, not as a Christian dogma, but as a fact of universal experience. "Œdipus Tyrannus" and "Œdipus Coloneus" are tragedies of conscience. So is "Antigone;" so is "Faust;" so is "Pippa Passes." So practically are all great dramas, whether written in prose or verse. And while conscience lives, God can not be obliterated from the world. He is in it by a loftier right than men are in it, and no force can drive him out. In Hugo's "By Order of the King" is an illustration of the impossibility of a wicked life ridding itself of God, which might well be read by all men everywhere. It is the story of the smugglers in their sinking ship. They had landed the little and mutilated lad, Gwynplaine, upon a stormy shore in the icy winter; landed him, and left him to feel his way toward life or death as best he might. When the smugglers have put out to sea and the hurricane overtakes them, all resources fail, they despair of life, and then, when no hope lives, when death is absolute in its certainty, then the thing that confronts them one and all is their crime, and their solitary recourse was, in

the language of the doctor on board, "on your knees." This is the assertion of conscience. This is also the assertion of the necessity of prayer. For a moment the criminal doctor on board this criminal ship rose to the dignity of the theologian, for he said: "Have mercy on yourselves. On your knees, I tell you. Repentance, that is the bark which is never submerged. You have no longer a compass? An error, you have prayer." So that this sinking of the smugglers on the lonely ocean is a parable of conscience and prayer. The ship is gradually sinking; their lives can be prolonged but for a little time at the farthermost, and with a kindled torch by his side, and with pen and inkstand in his hand, and with a parchment before him, and snow falling like the foam of a cataract and extinguishing the candles one after another, he wrote and read the story of their crime. Each man and woman staggered forward, and, with hand a-tremble with the chill of death, wrote his name. One wrote after his name "thief;" another, "from the Mahon galleys;" but each hand wrote or made his mark. They thrust their confession into a gourd, and

sealed it with a bit of rope and tar, and the doctor said, "It is done," and the cry of a prayer mixed with the moanings of the sea. The historian of this struggle says: "Prayer is a major force. They did not bow, they bent. They gave way, as a sail shivers when the breeze fails; and this haggard group gradually assumed, by the clasping of hands and the bowing of heads, the attitude, varying but overwhelmed, of despairing confidence in God." And the doctor took and flung the last torch into the sea, and said, "Let us pray," when all sank upon their knees. The story grows in intensified interest. These repentant sinners knelt not in snow, but in water, for the sea was slowly rising above the sinking vessel's deck. "The doctor alone remained standing." And all the sinking company together joined in a prayer of contrition and hope. The doctor uttered the prayer, and these repeated after him until at last no one repeated the words he announced. "He dropped his eyes. All heads were under water. Not one had risen. They had let themselves be drowned on their knees. The doctor took in his right hand the

gourd, and raised it above his head. The wreck went down. As it plunged, the doctor murmured the rest of the prayer. His shoulders remained out of the water for a moment, then his head, then there was nothing but his arm holding the gourd, as though showing it the Infinite. This arm disappeared. The profound sea had no more of a ripple than a cask of oil. The snow continued to fall. Something floated and drifted away on the waves into the gloom. It was the tarred gourd, which was sustained by its osier covering."

What an argument is here, both for prayer and for conscience! It amounts to this: we can not get away from the instinct of prayer nor from the kingliness of conscience.

In Robert Browning's "Instans Tyrannus," which is, in brief, a history of a tyrant who found among his subjects a man he hated with violent, growing, vicious hatred, and wrought his will upon him, rejoicing in it as an inquisitor at the groans of his victim upon the rack, and with growing evil intent as growing pleasure, because he thinks the man absolutely in his power,

nothing can hinder his vengeance being wrought to the full.

> "When sudden . . . how think ye, the end?
> Did I say 'without a friend?'
> Say rather, from marge to blue marge
> The whole sky grew his targe,
> With the sun's self for visible boss,
> While an Arm went across,
> Which the earth heaved beneath like a breast,
> Where the wretch was safely prest!
> Do you see? Just my vengeance complete,
> The man sprang to his feet,
> Stood erect, caught at God's skirts and prayed!
> —So, I was afraid!"

Such then combined conscience and prayer and the ineradicable instincts of both, and they become God's assertion of God's centrality in the world, which no denial can obliterate nor weaken.

These qualities Christianity has in common with the uniform life of the heart. These are the race qualities. Besides, it has an altar, distinct and perpetual; this not in theory, but in fact. The Buddhist had his avatar, his incarnation of Brahm, but these are creations of Hindoo logic, with its five-term syllogism.

They are not man; they saw not, heard not. The avatars belonged to myth, not to history; but Christianity has an incarnation belonging not to myth, but to history; an incarnation occurring under the very eyes of the thinking world, and seen not in a misty morning nor at gray evening, but under a noon and cloudless sky. No refracted ray of evening or morning, but the white rays of the noon-light, when Christ appeared among the sons of men. And God's centrality in our human life, conscience, destiny, is asserted when we see that "God was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." The incarnate Christ is the prodigious truth of human philosophy. The incarnation is the injection of God into the veins of men; or, to change the figure, it is God's invasion of the soul. Once allow the incarnation, and Christianity is assured forever. If Christ be incarnate God, God is central in the hopes and loves and lives of the world. The ancients, in so far as they were thoughtful, always argued whether or not the gods had any care for man. They argued the gods cared not

for them, or cared little for them, or took delight in pursuing them and cursing them and destroying them. Query—How can such a conception be obliterated from the thought of mankind? And the incarnation of God in Christ is the great, voluble, unanswerable answer. In Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" is what appeals to me as being one of the strongest arguments for the incarnation that has ever been made, and the passage is so well worth reading and pondering on, not as poetry simply, but as profound theology, as to be given here:

"But up in heaven the high gods one by one
Lay hands upon the draught that quickeneth,
Fulfilled with all tears shed and all things done,
And stir with soft imperishable breath
The bubbling bitterness of life and death,
And hold it to our lips, and laugh; but they
Preserve their lips from tasting night or day,
Lest they too change and sleep, the fates that spun,
The lips that made us and the hands that slay;
Lest all these change, and heaven bow down to none,
Change and be subject to the secular sway
And terrene revolution of the sun.
Therefore they thrust it from them, putting time away.

I would the wine of time, made sharp and sweet
With multitudinous days and nights and tears
And many mixing savors of strange years,

Were no more trodden of them under feet,
Cast out and spilt about their holy places:
That life were given them as a fruit to eat
And death to drink as water; that the light
Might ebb, drawn backward from their eyes, and night
Hide for one hour the imperishable faces;

That they might rise up sad in heaven, and know
Sorrow and sleep, one paler than young snow,
One cold as blight of dew and ruinous rain;
Rise up and rest and suffer a little, and be
Awhile as all things born with us and we,
And grieve as men, and like slain men be slain."

Now, when Christ came, he was the answer to such philosophizing as this. He drank the wine we drink. He mixed with the fight in which we were combatants. He, barefoot, trod the rocky way our feet must walk. He met and embraced the cross on which we must be crucified—"He bore our sicknesses and carried our griefs."

To the world's wailing cry for sympathy, and to the appeal for help, Christ is the last and sufficient answer. He says, "God careth for us." Who can doubt this, since "he took upon him the form of a servant and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." I as-

sert, therefore, that the incarnation is not the theological tenet, but is a demand (mark that word, *demand*, not wish nor request), a *demand* of the whole world of hearts; and Christianity meets this demand with all adequacy, and flings God into the center of humanity. He is there. God is center of the physical system. He is there. This we can not deny, but in the incarnation he has flung himself into the heart of our flesh, and to eternal years man is wrapped in Godhood. Christ, with our nail-marks and thorn-marks and spear-marks in the flesh, and wearing our form—Christ, this Christ, is in the Godhead. That always seems to me the most astounding fact of philosophy and history. Surely, God careth for us. The open grave is a petty miracle weighed in the balance against God's coming into our flesh, and returning, carrying our flesh back into God, to wear it there forever!

"Which things the angels desire to look into."

And Christianity asserts God's centrality in the fact of worship; and the Sabbath-day is vocal as if thunderbolts were calling the name

of God; and therefore the Sabbath is central, vital, omnipresent, in the Christian system, and prayer is a credential of worship—prayer on its knees and with its face toward God, and the world lying behind the back like a smoke that drifts behind a flying train at evening. Worship and prayer are the continuous asserters of the centrality of God. And this is what the Scriptures mean in affirming, "To thee shall prayer be made," and "To thee shall all flesh come;" and Jesus said, by way of quotation, "My house shall be called the house of prayer," a thought worthy of elaboration in this place, because worship in prayer is the very soul of Christianity.

Christ had come to the temple in splendid triumphal procession. The nameless multitude had given him a coronation. Seized by a holy impulse, this throng which soon would aid the cruel "Crucify him!" now for a brief hour having the gift of vision, beheld the kingliest who ever came to Zion's holy hill, and crowned him with clamor such as wakes when kings return in triumph from the field of war. With the flush of triumph on him, the Lord of temple and

Zion came into his house. Once more he sees the petty barter of the grasping merchantmen in the court of the Gentiles. His house was desecrated. His wrath burned hot. His vengeance flashed from its scabbard. The kingly might he knew was his he used. He drove them from his house and Him. They looked behind them with hate and fear. Aforetime he had held the lash of cords which seemed to them like serpents hissing above their heads. Now, in more regal fashion, himself the executor of his own behests, with neither lash nor sword, he spilled their money on the marble floor and drove their traffic into destruction; and over the ruin of their greed he cried, "It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer!" then added the scathing "but ye have made it a den of thieves." So terrible the misappropriation! God meant prayer; man meant a den of thieveries. God meant heavenly-mindedness; man meant the mildew of the earth. How great the perversion! But out of this fearful hour we have Christ's conception of a church, and to have a thought so weighty is worth the wrenching even of a world. And such truths

as these can scarce come save with throes of mighty pain and travail of unusual sort.

Here is the query: What is a church? Here is God's answer: It is the house of prayer. We see it now. After his Word has given us light, it seems among the axioms of a holy life; but in truth the definition has the profundity of revelation. Count that definition profound which, the more we study, the more certain we are of its validity. This definition bears that test. Christ gave principles. He seldom elaborated. That he might well leave to lesser souls. But when he reveals principles, their apparent simplicity confounds us. But, like the laws of our lower world, the profoundest are the simplest. Give man the task of defining the church, and he will not fail us. He will assuredly elaborate a definition; but it would not have been such as God has given us and God's Son has emphasized, as we may safely affirm. Let man define the church. The Greek will declare it to be a place of elegance, of æsthetics; a habitation for the marble figures of the unknown gods; a place where an altar, maychance, may be draped with blood. The Roman will say it is

a place for sacrifice, and standing room for a pantheon of gods. The Jew will name it a place of ministering priests, of ascending incense, of swinging censer, of altar with its smoking sacrifice, or the holiest place where God is hid. Let us define a church. It is a place for social and religious benefit, a cloistered quiet where men gather to wait for God. Let us define again. It is a house of preaching; it is a place where are heard the preacher's words of power, where from the sacred forum he declares the authentic will of God; or, rather, a place named a house of praise, where songs are sung whose hallelujahs smite the rafters with their hands, while melody of man seems challenging the melody of angels in the praise of Him who is our common Lord. It is a place where holy thoughts may win their way with man. Do we not see that each definition has merit? Not one is lacking in some element of truth, but they are as the crescent of the new moon hanging like a hope in the western skies. Each is a segment which lacks completeness. Our definitions have truth by littles, but what we need is the Divine whole. The sphere and not the hemisphere is what the

hunger of our thoughts demand. God's definition satisfies our expectation and our need. A church is the house of prayer. Weigh that in the balance; it will not be found wanting. It is adequate. God's house is a shelter where man can pray; a windbreak from the tempest, where man's needs may find voice.

Praying recognizes that thou and I, God and man, are the copartners in prayer. Prayer is no solitary, no recluse, like a monk in a lonely cell. It implies two. Man never prays except to some other. Prayer recognizes a life outside of and higher than ourselves. It admits the supremacy of God. Man never thinks to pray to his inferiors. The very moment, the very place, that man clutches for God, he has God's house above his head. But in prayer a man's thought is taken from himself to another. He is learning self-estrangement. True, he prays for himself, but his highest thought is soaring after God, and to get God into his life and thought is to bring self into subordination. We learn the mystery of attuning our spirit to the music of the master spirit. That becomes central, significant, absorbing.

Prayer fronts me and my littleness. When I pray, I do not need self-abasement. I am abased. I do not need to pray for humility; my prayer brings me to the dust. I pray; I talk to God; I tell my griefs to him. I spread my palms before his face that he may see the blood on my hands, crying, "I have no healing; heal thou me." Am I not brought to face my weakness? Will this not bring me to my knees? Self-righteousness can not get from God's house if it be a place of prayer; for when I pray, I dare not tell my goodness. My words scorch my lips; my foolish speech stumbles like a drunkard's steps. Tell God my goodness, when he sees my heart? When a man comes to God's house to pray, his good deeds seem to slip from him like a mist from the hills. He would fain have God think not on it. No man ever prayed long that he was not brought to a sense of his poverty of spirit. I pray. It is an appeal to God; it is an acknowledgment of insufficiency. When a storm tumbles the deep, the sailors pray. When our little son is sick we say, "Doctor, pray come to our boy's relief;" and in prayer we cry: "O help! Our light is gone out;

our home is shadowed with a deep eclipse! O help! O help!"

God's house as a house of prayer dignifies the spirit. How shall we co-ordinate this truth and the last? How harmonize humility and dignity? "Let us ascend unto the hill of the Lord." Prayer brings us to God. When I do but speak his name, I lift up mine eyes. He is so good; he is high lifted up. But at his request, I come and talk with him. Do we not hear the widow say, "I miss his words; they brought help to my spirit?" Does not the lonely man declare, "I miss her; her words bade me be a man?" I come into God's presence in prayer. My speech is with him. I lay my cause before him. Contact with such dignity must ennoble life, and I have grown better, more self-respecting; yea, I did talk with God.

Since the Church is the house of prayer, Divine service is begun when I enter God's house.

Not singing, nor the voice of the minister's prayer; not the preaching, not the swelling of the organ's majectic music—these are not the points nor the appurtenances for worship; but

God's house is a place of prayer, and the moment I enter the service is begun. Prayer fits my spirit as music the organ. Worship is prayer. I go to God. That means worship. And so, with bowed heads, we enter God's sanctuary, as is right. When we enter, the bowed head is our sign that the service has begun, and we give assent to each solemn observance of the holy praying place.

God's house as a house of prayer is a house of equality. Prayer is a leveler. Kings wear sackcloth and ashes. What less have we? Does not sorrow break all barriers down? Does not the plague bring strange companions? Did not the prisons hold strange friends in the bloody days of the Reign of Terror? Prayer in God's house is common need and common dignity. So in the Church there is no question of wealth or position or ancestry. "Who art thou?" "I am a suppliant at the feet of God." "Who art *thou?*" "I am a suppliant at the feet of God." "Then we are brothers." So here are no classes. No distinction exists between learning and ignorance, between opulence and penury. All the world's aristocracies die here;

all the words with which we note social distinctions are forgotten here. This is a place of prayer. Men before God have no time to say, "I am a patrician, I am a plebeian;" but simply say, hearts breaking with utter joy, "We are thy sons." This is greater than all besides. And in that sublime cognomen, common blood seems flooding the veins of all.

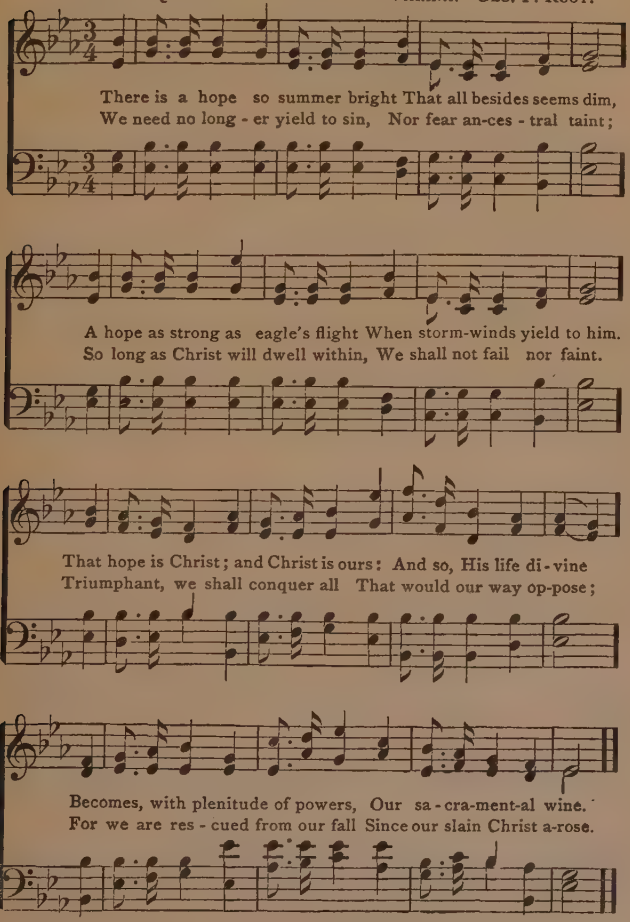
Christianity so asserts the centrality of God as to make it a perpetual credential of the world's faith.

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

THE HELPER CHRIST

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me"

WILLIAM A. QUAYLE. VARINA. GEO. F. ROOT.


There is a hope so summer bright That all besides seems dim,
We need no long - er yield to sin, Nor fear an-ces - tral taint;
A hope as strong as eagle's flight When storm-winds yield to him.
So long as Christ will dwell within, We shall not fail nor faint.
That hope is Christ; and Christ is ours: And so, His life di - vine
Triumphant, we shall conquer all That would our way op-pose;
Becomes, with plenitude of powers, Our sa - cra-ment-al wine.
For we are res - cued from our fall Since our slain Christ a-rose.

A PRAYER

LORD JESUS, my heart would humbly yet gladly do all Thou biddest, for Thy commandment is exceeding broad. Thyself didst say, Ye believe in God, believe also in me, which thing I haste to do. Thou art God's Son. Thou art God's self. Thou forgivest sins, and who can forgive sins save God only? Thou art the Judge of quick and dead, and who taketh this office upon him except the great God? Thou great, glad Savior, who dost run to my help what time with impetuous and sinking Peter I call, Lord, save, or I perish; help me to launch out upon the deep; help me that I may know the love of Christ and the good things of the world to come, and the energizing might of Thy Holy Spirit, and the cleansing of Thy precious blood, and the continuous presence of the Spirit, by whose abiding I sometimes sob and sometimes sing, Abba, Abba, Father. Help me, my Christ, to become acclimated to God. May I become inured to the jeopardies that beset a soul at war with principalities and powers, with riotous men and measures, with sin's shameful encroachments, with iniquity's insidious approaches and solicitations,—help me through it all to be a man of Thine own heart. May I walk with God, and may that sweet, pure companionship ennoble but not bewilder, cleanse but not quench, help but not hinder, and may my word of lip and meditation of heart be acceptable to Him who knows my downsitting and my uprising and my thoughts very far off!

My soul aspires to love and give Thee not so much a martyr's death as a martyr's life. Accept this love, though it be but a withered flower; but wilt not thou, O tenderness and condescension infinite, take and wear it as if it were a flower grown in royal gardens and plucked by a queen's white hands? Thou wilt; I know full well Thou wilt, and so rest quiet and rejoicing. Amen.

CHAPTER XII

Christianity's World Tie

"From everlasting to everlasting, God"
"Before Abraham was, I Am"

MY SOUL, ONE QUESTION

Think'st thou, my soul, when thou art dead
  And lying quiet, nothing loath,
The good of earth above thy bed
  Shall bind them as with sacred oath
Because of what thou had'st been here,
  To be the best their lives could think
And count inconsequent all fear
  In love of thee, and boldly drink
All fountains dry that haled from God,
  And gladly do all gentle deeds
For love of Christ, above the sod
  That holds thy dust like withered weeds?

If so it hap, thou livest yet,
  Thy death is but undated birth;
And love may smile through its regret,
  "He lives perpetual in the earth."

CHRIST binds the ages together, and, what is of loftier importance, he in himself and his ubiquitous brotherhood binds the antipodes of race together. He is

> "The tie that binds
> Our hearts in Christian love."

I heard a minister tell of his being at Lisbon, and, having no command of the Portuguese tongue, was truly a stranger in a strange land. Having in his pocket some copies of the gospel in Portuguese, he handed them to some little lads playing near by. They, childlike, showing what the stranger had given them to some friends across the way, a man came across the street and greeted the minister, speaking, of course, in Portuguese; and when this minister could not understand nor reply, the man opened a hymn-book and pointed to the name of Jesus, which was a name both could read. They both looked at the word, looked at each other, laughed in each other's eyes, and reached out

and shook each other's hands. Jesus made these strangers brothers and friends. That one word certified to their hearts that each was in the larger friendship of which Jesus told in saying, "I have called you friends." And these two, utter strangers a moment ago, now walked down toward the wharf rejoicing and singing, one in Portuguese, the other in English:

> "Shall we gather at the river,
> Where bright angels' feet have trod?"

and bade good-bye, with good, sure hope to meet in heaven. Jesus is the certificate of the world's and the race's unity.

In humanity is a centrifugal force which appeals to us as being mightier than its centripetal force. Men drift apart like scattering armies. Something must be invented to cement the many into one, to make them growingly cohesive. People gather into cliques, like a knot of college boys or girls. Some force must be applied which will hold all men together. I have to affirm that this power is discovered; and its name is Christ. He is the cohesive agent in the moral universe, and is more powerful

than gravitation's tug upon atoms through the bewildering spaces. Christ stretches across the years. But before discussing this fact, Christ as a world tie, I desire to introduce an instance showing conclusively that such a tie does exist in him. This instance is the hero-fidelity of the Christian African servant of David Livingstone (here quoted in full from "The New Acts of the Apostles," because to abridge were to do injustice to the heroic incident):

"At four o'clock next morning, May 1st, Susi and Chuma, with four other devoted attendants, anxiously entered that grass hut at Ilala. The candle was still burning, but the greater light had gone out. Their great master, as they called him, was on his knees, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. With silent awe they stood apart and watched him, lest they should invade the privacy of prayer. But he did not stir; there was not even the motion of breathing, but a suspicious rigidity of inaction. Then one of these black men, Matthew, softly came near, and gently laid his hands upon his cheeks. It was enough; the chill of death was there. The

great father of Africa's dark children was dead, and they were orphans.

"The most refined and cultured Englishmen would have been perplexed as to what course to take. They were surrounded by superstitious and unsympathetic savages, to whom the unburied remains of the dead man would be an object of dread. His native land was six thousand miles away, and even the coast was distant fifteen hundred. A grave responsibility rested upon these simple-minded sons of the Dark Continent—a burden to which few of the wisest and ablest would have been equal. Those remains, with his valuable journals, instruments, and personal effects, must be carried to Zanzibar. But the body must first be preserved from decay, and they had no skill nor facilities for embalming; and, if preserved, there were no means of transportation—no roads or carts, no beasts of burden available—the body must be borne on the shoulders of human beings; and, as no strangers could be trusted, they must themselves undertake the journey and the sacred charge. These humble children of the forest were grandly equal to the occasion, and they resolved among

themselves to carry that body to the seashore, and not give it into any other hands until they could surrender it to his countrymen. And, to insure safety to the remains and security to the bearers, it must be done with secrecy. They would gladly have kept secret even their master's death, but the fact could not be concealed. God, however, disposed Chitambo and his subjects to permit these servants of the great missionary to prepare his emaciated body for its last journey, in a hut built for the purpose on the outskirts of the village.

"Now watch these black men, as they rudely embalm the body of him who had been to them a savior. They tenderly open the chest and take out the heart and viscera; these, with a poetic and pathetic sense of fitness, they reserve for his beloved Africa. The heart, that for thirty-three years had beat for her welfare, must be buried in her own bosom. And so one of the Nassik boys, Jacob Wainwright, read the simple service of burial, and under the moula-tree at Ilala that heart was deposited; and the tree, carved with a simple inscription, became his monument. Then the body was prepared

for its long journey; the cavity was filled with salt, brandy poured into the mouth, and the corpse laid out in the sun for fourteen days to be dried, and so reduced to the condition of a mummy. Then it was thrust into a hollow cylinder of bark, over this was sewn a covering of canvas, the whole package securely lashed to a pole, and so it was made ready to be borne between two men upon their shoulders.

"And yet the enterprise was scarcely begun, and the worst of their task was yet before them. The sea was far away, and their path lay through a territory where nearly every fifty miles would bring them to a new tribe, to face new difficulties. Nevertheless, Susi and Chuma took up their precious burden, and, looking to Livingstone's God for help, began the most remarkable funeral march on record. They followed the track their master had marked with his footsteps when he penetrated to Lake Banweolo, passing to the south of Lake Liembe, which is a continuation of Tanganyika, then crossing to Unyanyembe. Whenever it was found out that they were bearing a dead body, shelter was hard to get, or even food; and at Kasekera they

could get nothing they asked, except on condition that they would bury the remains they were carrying. And now their love and generalship were put to a new and severe test. But again they were equal to the emergency. They made up another package like the precious burden, only that it contained branches instead of human bones, and this, with mock solemnity, they bore on their shoulders to a safe distance and scattered the contents far and wide in the brushwood, and came back without the bundle. Meanwhile others of their party had repacked the remains, doubling them up into the semblance of a bale of cotton cloth, and so once more they managed to get what they needed and get on with their charge.

"The true story of that nine-months' march has never yet been written, and it never will be, for the full data can not be supplied. But here is material waiting for some coming English Homer or Milton to crystallize into one of the world's noblest epics; and it deserves the master hand of a great poet-artist to do it justice.

"See these black men, whom your scientific philosophers would place at one remove from

the gorilla, run all manner of risks, by day and night, for forty weeks; now going round by a circuitous route to insure safe passage; now compelled to resort to stratagem to get their precious burden through the country; sometimes forced to fight their foes in order to carry out their holy mission. Follow them as they ford the rivers and traverse trackless deserts daring perils from wild beasts and relentless wild men; exposing themselves to the fatal fever, and burying several of their little band on the way; yet on they went, patient and persevering, never fainting nor halting, until love and gratitude had done all that could be done, and they laid down at the feet of the British consul, on the 12th of March, 1874, all that was left on earth of Scotland's great hero, save that buried heart.

"When, a little more than a month later, the coffin of Livingstone was landed in England, April 15th, it was felt that no less a shrine than Britain's greatest burial-place could fitly hold such precious dust. But so improbable and incredible did it seem that a few rude Africans could actually have done this splendid deed, at such cost of time and risk, that, not until the

fractured bones of the arm, which the lion crushed at Mabotsa thirty years before, identified the body, was it certain that these were Livingstone's remains. And then, on the 18th of April, 1874, such a funeral cortege entered the great Abbey of Britain's illustrious dead as few warriors or heroes or princes ever drew to that mausoleum. And those faithful body-servants, who had religiously brought home every relic of the person or property of the great missionary explorer, were accorded places of honor. And well they might be. No triumphal procession of earth's mightiest conqueror ever equaled, for sublimity, that lonely journey through Africa's forests. An example of tenderness, gratitude, devotion, heroism, equal to this the world has never seen. The exquisite inventiveness of a love that on the feet of Jesus lavished tears as water and made tresses of hair a towel and broke the alabaster flask for his anointing; the feminine tenderness that lifted his mangled body from the cross and wrapped it in new linen, with costly spices, and laid it in a virgin tomb,—even this has at length been surpassed by the ingenious devotion of the

cursed sons of Canaan. The grandeur and pathos of that burial scene amid the stately columns and arches of England's famous Abbey loses its luster when contrasted with that simpler scene near Ilala, in God's greater cathedral of Nature, whose columns and arches are the trees, whose surpliced choir are the singing birds, whose organ is the moaning wind—the grassy carpet was lifted, and dark hands laid Livingstone's heart to rest! And in the great cortege that moved up the nave of Westminster, no truer nobleman was found than that black man, Susi, who in illness had nursed the Blantyre hero, had laid his heart in Africa's bosom, and whose hand was now upon his pall."

Christ claimed for himself an unbegun and an unending life, and the claim, though audacious, was just. "Before Abraham was, I am," is his sublimest personal reference. It came like a sentry's challenge, "Who goes there?" enforced with bayonet at the breast. We must halt. In sheer majesty this claim towers like the Himalayas. Immortality is life refusing to die. And Jesus thought it scarce worth while to affirm that of himself. He included it. Im-

mortality, he gave us to know, was a quality of soul. He did not argue, but announced. Jesus was as one to whom the truth is so familiar that it is commonplace, and announced immortality as a truism of the soul.

Where philosophy had failed, he succeeded. Where poets dreamed, he gave authoritative utterance, though his revelation was exalted, as the fiction of poets had not been. Jesus affirmed immortality of man, and he, as man's brother, must possess all man's inheritance; but as the elder brother, more. He was not simply to live on unendingly since life was begun, but he had always been. There is no braggadocio in this affirmation. It is simple and natural. The Jews wrung it from him. Let us thank them for having occasioned so large a revelation. A citizen of the eternities—this is what Jesus said he was, thereby identifying himself with God, for it is God alone who "inhabiteth eternity."

The unbegun and the unending, the universal character—this is Christ's doctrine of himself. Incarnate, he was man. He was the *genus homo*. A dweller in a province, confined in life to a single principality, he is not provincial in

mien, dialect, accent, action. He belonged to the world; or, in a larger phase, the world belonged to him. We mark him as the traveler who is equally at home in every civilization and in every clime, whose speech does not betray him. Localism leaves no dust on his garments to tell his province. There comes with this bearing something of mighty movement, like the swell of the sea. We feel the vigor communicated to ourselves. Both mass and majesty are present, and infuse themselves like an elixir in the blood. But Jesus was no traveler. He was the child of geographical limitations. Yet when he speaks, every race claims him. Each zone cries, "He is ours!" He speaks as from the center of the world; is equally distant from all, and equally near to all.

If we shall study the artists, this thing will impress us—each has the limitation of his age and country on him. The Flemish artist has painted a Dutch face; and the Italian has given us a Roman Madonna. The art was provincial. The same is observedly true in literature. We shall know a man's nationality if we hear him speak, though we do not see his face. The

poets are, in the main, local. Each has his hint of truth. Each has his note to contribute to some unfinished melody. We know the poet and the era from his unconscious self-revelation. What he had he gave; but his holdings were in a single province of all the continents. But when genius of a commanding order speaks, he thrills us by the lack of the local and the presence of the unusual. Mediocrity is provincial; genius is cosmopolitan. If the chief poet speaks, we say he was born here; and again, he was born here, and thus the comment runs, and, by our own estimate, he will be born in every continent and of every race. The world begot him. He was not local. He spake for man. Burns was a clarion voice; we could not misconceive him. His bonnie speech declares his home to be by gray glen in Scotland's hills. His words delight us because they exhale odors of pine and heather, and laugh like highland tarn a-journey to the sea. His localism is his charm. Men love the individual flavor in dialect; but a chief singer is without a local mother-tongue. He speaks the universal language which all men understand without learning it.

True, there is a hint of the universal in the narrowest life. World qualities hide in every heart. The major instincts of the soul are like stars, at home in every sky. The heroes of Troy and Gettysburg are contemporaries. But at the end the truth is still the same. Some men are local and some are universal. Jew, Greek, Roman, Saxon, those are not what mankind in the passion of its heart demands. Mankind wants a man. One of the strange facts of natural history is that man alone seems indigenous to all the zones. Tropic suns and arctic night are alike salubrious to him. He is not creature of but master of climates and conditions; and this universality, this at-homeness in all latitudes must be a mark of the King of men. The Jew, on seeing his face and hearing his voice, must cry, "My brother!" and the Greek must recognize that he is Hellas' son; and the proud Roman must see in him such imperial dignity as marks the citizen of Rome; and the Saxon must feel this is the scion of his royal line. There is one man, and only one, to whom these remarks may apply. There have been great spirits in every race; there has been but one great spirit of *the*

race. Moses was a Jew, Julius Cæsar was a Roman, Pericles was a Greek, Napoleon was a Frenchman, Goethe was a German, Cromwell was an Englishman, Lincoln was an American—but *Christ was a man.* He was brother to them all. We can not feel he was a Jew. Though born at Bethlehem, reared in Nazareth, slain at Jerusalem—our consciousness repels the imputation that he was a Hebrew. He spoke that tongue, was saturated with that thought, companied with that race; yet the flavor of his personality is not Hebrew, but human. We listen to him, follow him, dream his dreams, stand on his mount of vision, imbibe his catholicity, become enlarged by contact with his majestic ideas, grow glad in his revelation of God, burn with his passion for others, forget self in the amazement of his self-abnegation, from him learn the primacy of the heart and the art of loving God supremely, find in him the secret of life and love and prayer—and all the while his nationality has never once occurred to us. "Here is a man"—this we thought. "The world has grown a man," we said. The universal in him swallowed up the provincial.

You can not think of Christ as an ancient. He was of yesterday, but is likewise of to-day and of to-morrow. His spirit is modern. Of many men we say their century produced them. They and their age were adjusted each to the other. Athanasius and Charlemagne, Peter the Hermit and Washington, Barbarossa and Savonarola, belonged to their times as the cedars to Lebanon. But in other ages they might have been misfits. You can not conceive them apart from their century. But Jesus is at home in all the centuries. "The same yesterday, to-day, and forever," he steps into each era, and seems a legitimate part of it. He is never a foreigner, but always at home.

We say of men, they are dreamers or doers, they are poets or reformers, they are civilians or soldiers. There are differences which seem to drive men from some fields and shut them in others. We recognize human limitation. An adaptation to soldiership is a hindrance from statecraft. These are truisms of observation. But you will apply these rules in vain to Jesus. He will "not be holden of them." He was

dreamer, poet, reformer, legislator, statesman, soldier, orator, organizer, theologian, philosopher, publicist, prophet, priest, king. His adaptations were universal. He has exhausted genius. What he was not, man can not be. We have but fragments of his sayings, yet these have revolutionized the world. He seems to have passed into every domain of human thought and bankrupted it. He drank "life to the lees."

Christ was appropriative and originative. What he found good he used; what was needful he created. He was a poet—a maker. The Spirit of creation was on him as at the framing of the world. He was destructionist as Socrates; he was constructionist as Paul. There were in him humility and self-restraint, and wild audacity outranging eagles. The contraries of all human life met in him. Joy and passion of grief, failure and success, love and curses, his portion in death and life. Tossed he was on the sea of our passion, but never shipwrecked; brother of our weakness, but never overborne. No soul but will find in Jesus an experience answering to his needs. Tempted, triumphant, crucified, glori-

fied; exciting malevolence that never sleeps, and love that never dies—what an amazement is our Christ!

All life centers in him. He is the emporium at which meets the traffic of the world. Hear him, and you cry, I have listened to the world's thinker. See his cross, and you say, I have beheld the world's divinest love. See his unswerving purpose, and you feel this is the unconquerable will. In him all qualities of soul harmonize. He is not thinker or lover or magnetic will, but he is thinker and lover and magnetic will—he is man; man in his masterful moods and at his best; man, vital, virile, natural, originative, kingly, august. "Without beginning of days or end of life," with youth eternal and Divine, with conquest flinging royal purple about his shoulders, the Son of man, and Son of God, Christ is the one cosmopolitan.

And, in consequence, Christ is the mighty cohesive fact and personality in civilization and the centuries. He alone among the sons of men is qualified "to make all one."

A HYMN OF REFORM

"THOU who didst bring, in days of old,
God's message from above,
Dwell in our hearts lest they grow cold,
Forgetful of thy love.

Thou Fire of God, for thee we pray
Our sacrifice to burn
So that the thing we do this day
May God's approval earn.

For Thou hast made us in our day
Reformers of the world—
Elijahs, who with Ahabs may
Into the fight be hurled.

As with Elijah long ago
Thou didst thy forces join,
And make the heedless heathen know
Thy sword was at thy loin;

So join with us and bring our fight
To a victorious peace;
Because for Thee and by thy might
We war and never cease."

A PRAYER

WE bless our God for the communion of saints, for the citizenship which is in heaven, and for the spacious Christ. He orbs our life. He shames our narrownesses. He divides us from our puny dislikes and likes. He bids us gird the loins of larger loves and wider friendships. He makes the centuries of men our playfellows and schoolmates. He eliminates our shabby gentilities by the fall of his tears on the page where we have written their genealogies. He brings us into a wide place where there is neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, but where we catch the hands of the lovers of God, and experience loves that are rightly fraternal. We bless Thee, Thou hast taught us this lesson of enlargement, Thou Lord Christ. 'Twere a pity to be narrow and Thou so broad in Thy love and pity—so broad as that the wide seas are straits compared with Thee.

Make my life roomy, radiant, and full of laughter learned from Christ, my Savior. Amen.

CHAPTER XIII

The Blessed Life

"In Him was life"
"The love of Christ constraineth us"

BEYOND THE GATES

WHEN day is done and from the gaudy sky
The glory fades,
Then quiet falls; and rest comes by and by
With night's dear shades.

When life is done, and climbed its ragged steeps,
All hot suns set;
When in vast joy that neither sighs nor weeps
We then are met,—

What rest shall hold our hands, and grace,
Like evening psalm,
Shall whisper peace! Then from the troubled face
Heaven's blessed calm

Shall every tear-stain wipe away, and fear;
With Christ at hand
No heart-ache can through golden years draw near
That heavenly land.

CHRISTIANITY is a life, and not a vocation, the difference between the two being this: vocation is a fragment; life is an entirety. Our life is all we are. Christianity supplies the blessed life.

A flower may be, as the botanist says, stamen and pistil, calyx and corolla; but no botanist has a flower; he dissects blooms. He keeps, if you will, an anthological morgue. Those petals in his palm are not a flower. No botanist creates a flower for us. He can not. His art is dissective, not constructive. But, you will answer, speaking in his behalf, all these parts equal a flower? No. A blossom is not an equation, is not mathematics. But the child wandering through the meadows rich with bloom and affluent with sunshine and with odors—the child with apron overrun with blossoms as living springs with sky-clear waters—she has a hint of what flowers are. Their plucked and withered loveliness has appealed to the child

eyes and hands and heart, so that, with virtuous offense, she has coveted and gathered the beauty which an hour ago nodded to the sun and wind. A woman knows what a flower is, given her by a lover to be kissed, dreamed over, hid as in her heart in some dear book, to lend it fragrance and memories forever. And poets know what flowers are. Hear our chief singer say—

> "O it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odor;"

and though he sings of music, yet has he put a violet in our hands. The poet makes this precious flower live and bloom; but such art lies beyond the botanist. He describes the mechanism, but what time he tells the parts he steals the beauty. Therefore ask not botanist, but poet, to gather a violet for you, and you shall know that a violet is a tatter of blue torn from God's sky, hiding in quiet and shadowed places, exhaling beauty like precious odors. A flower is not root and stem and petal and color and aroma, is not an aggregation of parts. Such a thought misses the flower; for a flower is life.

What is a poem? Let the rhetorician tell? No, for he will extract its vital juices, and pile its parts together like dry bones. He will prate of rhyme and rhythm, spondee, dactyl, trochee, anapæst; but is "Ænone" a pile of dust like an hour-glass's waste? I will not thank the rhetorician to read the poem for me, but will rather ask the poet to read the poem *to* me. One will give me parts; the other will give me the poem, which is a rare and dainty life, and therefore defies description.

Who will describe Lorna Doone? She is set as in a picture, yet who will paint her portrait? Listen, Jan Ridd, I will describe your Lorna: lily throat; ruby, mobile lips; brow fair, with dear hair clustering about it like a wildwood tangle of vines; cheek with flitting shadow of blush—"Stop!" gert Jan Ridd roars as if he were a-singing in the village choir, "Have done—that is not my Lorna!" Neither is it. He loved her, and to him she was indescribable as heaven.

So in more generous measure Christianity is a life, and defies description, and is a great, beautiful, and inspiring whole. The blessed life is no fragment, but is all we are. Learning, occu-

pation, thought, love—these be parts. Repentance, faith, justification, regeneration, adoption, witness of the Spirit, growth in grace—these constitute an enumeration of particulars. They are skeletal. Religion is all these, and more. It is life. Not that this life divine does not require as symptoms these things catalogued. There is no virile religious life unless there be a repentance reaching the far corners of the heart; and faith reaching the redeeming Christ, whose blood is the sole antidote for sin; and justification, whose freedom from the law's just curse shall set our spirit to inextinguishable laughter; and a regeneration which gives a new name and a new birthday and a new heart and a new set of holy affections, longings, and satisfactions; and an adoption which shall legalize our relation to God and make us sing rather than say, "Abba, Father;" and a witness of the Spirit to this new light and life set glowing in the soul; and then the pains and pulses and powers of growth which counts not itself to have apprehended, but, forgetting those things which are behind, presses toward those things which art before,—all these are in the new life, but all

these are *not* the new life. It includes them; they do not include it. And when, with yearning that can not be uttered, we wait for this vision, there come the voice and the advent of the Christ and the voice from heaven, answering, "In him is life." Jesus is Christianity.

When having seen the Christ and heard him and remembering he is the gospel, we may hope to discover some basal truths of the Christ-life; and only the Christ-life is the blessed life. There is no so sure truth. Watching Christ, we discover that Christianity is visible. Christ is meant, not for hiding, but for revelation. Odors distill themselves in the dark. Waters percolate through soils, and feel their way toward the unseen ocean. Life's ministry is one of revelation. Genius gropes toward self-revealment. It builds, discovers, writes, speaks, conquers, whereat we rise to realization, and cry "Genius." Christianity is God's ultimate truth, "to which the whole creation moves." And shall a rare picture be painted to be turned to the wall and all its beauty die in dust and darkness? Shall music keep dumb, or thrill silences with evangels such as angels wake? Yet is Christianity both—both

beauty and music, and meant for observation. To hide these five talents were a sin unpardonable.

And when we come to give it thought, God is always feeling his way toward revelation. *He will reveal himself.* No less a purpose hath our God. When the Trinity was sole occupant of heaven and all the roomy universe, his voice said, "Let us create angels," and the angels were; and so God stood revealed to intelligences outside of Deity. Once more, upon a day marked only in the calendar of heaven, God said, "I will disclose to angels I have made a trifle of the hidings of my power;" and on a sudden, angels standing on the shores of heaven, looking into the gloaming of infinite spaces, saw systems of suns shaken from the Almighty's hands like drops of dew from tall cedars, and the physical universe, with its complex and tireless motion, had made one revelation more of God. Centuries poured themselves swiftly from the hour-glass of the Lord, and God spake yet once more, saying, "Let us make man in our own image;" and this gray world, which wheeled to its sunrise tenantless, came to its evening with man's

head resting on its bosom as on a pillow. So had our God taken one step more to disclose the miracle of the Godhead. But in "these last times" he showed us his Son! All this pageant had moved toward the Christ. Jesus was the climax of Divine doings. "I will send my Son. Sinai they have had: I will show them Calvary." The invisible God, feeling his way toward self-revelation in angels and suns and man, now shows us Christ, "who is the image of the invisible God," "for it pleased the Father that in him should all fullness dwell," being "full of grace and truth." And in the amazement we call Christ, God had found his way to complete self-revelation. Christ was God, and what man ought to be, and—say it with abashed spirits and in the shadow of the cross—what man may be. Christ is revelation, as he is God and the Gospel. In assonance with this epic history of Divine revealing, Christianity must reveal God. A dumb man is not a whole man. He lacks the art of expression, and his soul is hindered in self-revealment. Religion, while not show, *must* reveal itself. Christ was this first, God rendered visible; and Christianity is Christ rendered vis-

ible. Christianity is visible religion, and will always make itself seen, being no manuscript written in invisible ink. God did show us religion in Christ Jesus. A heathen said, "Christ is what God would be like if we saw him;" and we must reverently affirm that a Christian should be what Christ would be like if we saw him. "We saw him" was the very poetry and power of the apostolic thought—Christ, the seen God.

The blessed life is the Spirit-enabled life. On becoming possessed of Christ, we become Spirit-possessed. Across the meadow-lands of the heart blow winds unknown before, and in the fallow lands of the spirit grow flowers and fruits not native to that land before. Spinoza was named the "God-intoxicated man;" such men are we in case we are Christians in word and deed and thought. We are ingulfed in God. He is horizon, nadir, and zenith to the soul. He enfolds us as the air enfolds the mountains. He leaves us self-possessed, yet makes us God-possessed. Here is a great mystery, but it is the mystery of godliness. We are our own, and yet we "are not our own;" we are "bought with a price." "I live, yet not I, but Christ, liveth in

me," said the greatest apostle, who was the theologian of the apostolic company; and he spake not as a reasoner in theology so much as he spake as a man who had experienced Christ. A Christian has God, and God has the Christian; a state and relation so holy as to thrill the spirit to ecstacy. To those who are "the sons of God" all best things are assumed to be indigenous. "Now the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," and we must feel the accuracy of the concluding saying, "Against such there is no law." No one could fault such a life. The Blessed Life is a life of love and joy, and is its own Beatitude. God, who gives us Christ, will "with him also freely give us all things," as says the Scripture. We are long-suffering and gentle, we possess goodness and faith, we are meek and temperate, we "walk in the light as he is in the light, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanses us from all sin." Who would not pray to live so radiant a life? Who does not know that such a life is blessed beyond the touch and rasp of care and worry? "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but

righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," was the estimate of one who had this kingdom in his heart. The blessed life is the rested life. Weigh that word, my soul. Sink into its sweet seclusions. Know the comfort of the Christ who said and says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." This poet knew whereof he wrote in saying:

"I know no words that are more sweet than these
In all the Savior's tender promises—
Sweeter than balm to souls with earth oppressed—
'Come unto me and I will give you rest.'

'Come unto me,' Christ whispers as he stands
And shows the nail-prints in his bleeding hands;
'O weary one, I love thee; be my guest;
Come unto me and find the promised rest."

'Come unto me.' O words divinely sweet!
My heart remembers what his lips repeat,
And all day long they thrill my weary breast,
And I am glad because of promised rest."

This is the "rest that remaineth to the people of God." A part of it is here; the greatness of it is yonder. This blessed life in Christ hath blessed rest. There is labor, but labor for God

and with him is blessed, and the rest goes with the work. We, too, "have meat to eat that ye know not of," and in that strength we might struggle forty days if need were so. Christians have rest men know not of. Kipling has sometimes thrown his plummet very deep, but nowhere deeper than in this moan of weariness:

"Over the edge of the purple down
Where the single lamp-light gleams,
Know ye the road to the Merciful Town
That is hard by the sea of dreams—
Where the poor may lay their wrongs away,
And the sick may forget to weep?
But, we—pity us! O, pity us!
We wakeful, ah, pity us!—
We must go back with Policeman Day—
Back from the City of Sleep!

Weary they turn from scroll and crown,
Fetter, and prayer, and plow—
They that go up to the Merciful Town,
For her gates are closing now.
It is their right in the baths of the night
Body and soul to steep:
But we,—pity us! ah, pity us!

Over the edge of the purple down,
Ere the tender dreams begin,
Look—we may look—at the Merciful Town,
But we may not enter in!

Outcasts all, from her guarded wall
Back to our watch we creep:
We, pity us, ah, pity us!
We wakeful, O pity us!—
We that go back with Policeman Day—
Back from the City of Sleep!

But these weary, *weary* folk could, if they would, find rest when days were big with toil and nights with pain, and life's wide spaces were sown to disasters and their hopes were dead—might find rest sweeter than the rest of quiet sleeping, in Him on whom we cast all our care, seeing he careth for us. So blessed is the blessed life!

Christianity is a supernatural fact and force, for "in *him* was life." Christianity is an expedition from heaven to the soul. We are born, not of the will of flesh, but of God. An inspired Book ministers to a new and heavenly life, and the new birth is such a marvel as to pass as proof of every miracle of God's dealing in the world. Insist that Christianity is life. The difference between the inert and the vital is, the one is shaped, while the other shapes. One is the vessel on the wheel; the other, the potter

at the wheel. You may always find life-reshaping ingredients. The seed will take soil and sun and waterdrop and air, and invent a rose, but no chemist can work so great a wonder. One seed did this, having life at the heart. A tree and a crag, which is the mightier? Why, the crag assuredly, for has it not mass and weight and imposing majesty? Yet consider, all the crag can do is stand and wait. Grim endurance is its solitary virtue. The crag is watching its own demolition. Summer storms are wasting it; every frost is bidding it die; the elements conspire against it, and its doom is near. But the tree? It borrows a crevice of the crag in which to cradle its babyhood. The winds snarl at it, and smite it to and fro, a toy of their passions, but the poor twig has *life*. It is not made, but makes. It does not wait, but grows, and will gather ingredients and turn adverse circumstances to its help and growth. The crag waits while the tree eats its heart away. The tree is becoming masterful and dominant, and at the end the crag will crouch like a couchant lion at the foot of this peerless pine, so great is life.

Life, then, is another name for control, and the largest life is the largest control. Christianity is life, and grows, dominates, takes possession of a soul like the owner of a palace, and asks no odds, and comes, by virtue of its vitality, to assume regality. And life succeeds, not because of, but in spite of circumstances. Circumstances can not account for Jesus. In his presence their argument is dumb. He was in spite of them. So Christian life is a sort of thrilling danger, though it knows not any fear. Triumph is sure. Though "principalities and powers" are hostile, the soul feels neither doubt nor trepidation. The Christian is independent of the world. Saint-hood and manhood are the resultants of neither heredity nor environment, but are the splendid achievements of the life of God in the human spirit. The edelweiss grows on the fringes of eternal winter; so does Christian purity grow in the face of the largest moral hostility. It is life, and boasts life's prerogative. In the Christian struggle, sin is not become enervated, but the Christian is become omnipotent. He denies earth to be his master. He is not truculent, but God and his own destiny—these nerve his heart.

The turbulencies of this world's wild tempest do not even awake unrest, for has he not the sure promise of "the morning star?"

Christianity, being the largest life, is the largest control known to man. The Christ-life seizes all the soul, and fires it with the glory of assured and perpetual triumph. Christ liveth in us. His power becomes our possession. "We can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us," is the faith that nerves our arm and fructifies endeavor. We run unwearied, and we fight secure. "To die is gain." Whichever way the battle turns, the victory is ours. We are not fatalists, but theists, and believe, according to God's Word, "All things work together for good *to them that love God.*" I know not anything so quieting to perturbed spirits, so solacing to sorrow and to care, as such a promise. God is on our side, and "if God be for us, who can be against us?" Here we take our stand. We can do no other, nor would we do other if we could. The grace of God is sufficient, and what more could brain and heart demand? One day I went into a sick saint's chamber. She was surely dying. The fatigue of death was on her. For

weeks she had not touched weary head upon a pillow. Her breath came by spasms. To live even at this feeble rate was struggle, yet her face was bright as if the morning light, unhindered by a cloud, was shining there. Her voice was sweet as laughter, though faint as a sick child's. Her hands caught the pastor's with such fidelity of grasp as makes the heart grow stronger. Her welcome was full of cheer. She forgot herself, which is the art of Christ. Jesus' name set her heart aglow. And one day the dear saint said, "Pastor, I have a message, will you deliver it?" On my answering "Yes," this was the message she gave: "Yesterday I was feeling my way around the room [for she was blind], grasping the walls to guide me and uphold me, for I was sorely weak, when on a sudden, Death, I thought, stood beside me. My breath failed; there was a strange tightening at my throat, and I thought, 'Surely death has come,' and—then [and she fought for breath to tell her message through] I, thinking this is death, looked up, and beheld Christ. It was rapture, rapture. Pastor, tell them that." She, because Christ was in her heart, arose superior to weakness, blind-

ness, death's approach, and was exultant. Christianity is the largest conceivable life, and has within its bounds "life, death, things present, and things to come," and "we are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Such is the blessed life,—one long way of service, comfort, fellowship with God, and deep delight. Who has it covets no man's lot, for he makes journey accompanied with the "powers of the world to come." His "citizenship is in heaven," and on earth he feels the thrill of the immortal fellowship.

And the method of this Blessed Life, the human method of making available the riches of gospel grace, is thought, reading, prayer, association with the good, serving others, loving God and man.

Christians are to think, "think on these things." We are saved by faith, and we walk by faith, but our faith is rational. God wants intelligence. He bids us follow, but this following is not blind. We know him we follow, and take no chances in such pursuit. Religion is not primarily ecstasy. Feeling is not the first fact of this new life. Feeling we shall have, ecstasy shall be ours; but these are results, not causes.

"We believe, therefore have we spoken." With reason we lay hold on God. Let no one think reason is at a discount in the gospel. We think God's thought, we ponder his doings, we watch the cross with what intentness of vision Mary, the mother, did. Feeling will flood the shores of the heart as tides the shores of continents when we have received, through reason and faith, into the heart the Christ of whom himself made query, "What think ye of Christ?" Give reason play in the blessed life, but recall that is only a beginning. Rest not there. Shame not the Christian precepts by supposing them a dialectic exercise. Religion is not barren intellectuality, but fertile spirituality. And read. "Give attention to reading." Read good things; any good book will gird your holy might, whether the book be history, biography, devotional literature, fiction, or poetry. Read noble thoughts, whoever wrote them. Authors are God's generous gifts to help us to the wider life. Use them, and therein justify God's good gift. The poets have so many of them seen God that they will teach you how to see him. Flee the delusion that you are never studying

God save when you are in church or reading the Bible. When you watch a sunrise you are watching one means of God's advent for the world. Who gathers flowers, and revels in them, is studying and enjoying God's thoughts. Read nature, read books; but do not neglect nor forget *the one Book*. Lose all others, but hold the Bible fast. This is the lamp to the feet and the light to the path; this is the "commandment which is exceeding broad;" this the Book which holds hearts up to the light, as if held against the sun.

You will not know yourself till God's Book of soul-revelation reveals you to yourself, and surely you will not know Christ till his Book glows his glory on your heart. Fraternize with the Bible. Do not think its study a perfunctory task; do not read as matter of duty, but read as you would a letter from a father beloved. How we watch for letters from those we love! Have this feeling toward this Book. A love-letter "from the Father of lights" is what it is, and a story very precious of a love "passing the love of woman." I have found everything in the Bible. No book sows my mind to thought

like this Book, and no words set my thoughts on fire as these words. If you love God, you will love his words, and the more you become familiar with them, the more will your heart turn of its own accord to those dear pages, as a child's feet turn home at night, not knowing that they are turning homeward.

And trust. "Have faith in God." Than these there are no weightier words for the Christ-inclined life. "Believe in God; believe also in me," are the companion advices of the Christian career. Trust grows by trust. As we believe, so we believe. Faith truly leads to faith. Ask any Christian well on in the holy life whether this be so, and he will answer "yes." Do not nurse your doubts. Be fair with them. Give them a hearing, but do not give them all the hearing; for they will monopolize all the time. The tendency of doubt is to become garrulous. You will do well to guard this point. Let faith have opportunity for speech; it has a pleader's skill if once you listen. Life never grows by negations. Faith affirms, and affirmations are the food of strength. Doubt saps courage.

School faith; try God, lean on him, and see how sure his promises will prove.

Good men and women are experts in prayer. Read, if you may, the lives of Augustine, Payson, Rutherford, Livingstone, Martyn, and such others as have been named in the catalogues of saintly spirits, and find how they lived in prayer. That was their respiration. God was their air, and prayer was their breath. They knew the way to God was prayer. They stormed the gates of heaven with prayers; they prayed and toiled together; they mixed prayer with whatsoever else they did. Prayer is conquest. Study to be great in prayer—by which is meant be at home with God. Feel him yours, and so feel him easy and sure of access. Be in nothing baffled. "Thy will be done:" feel the temper of that phrase, and the temper of Him who uttered it. Read once and again that noblest hymn in the English language, Charles Wesley's "Wrestling Jacob," and you will find the interpretation put on conquering prayer by one who himself was a man of influence with God.

Associate much with the good. Learn their

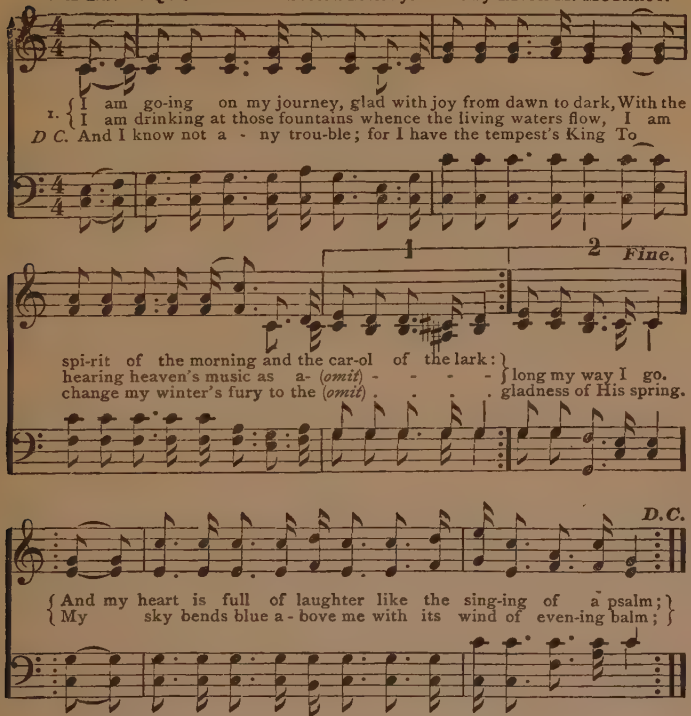
secret, and that their companionship is wine. Serve others, and forget you have a self to serve. Love God, and in loving him find you have become a fervent lover of mankind.

This is the method of the Blessed Life. Use the method, and have the life, my soul, and thou shalt

> "On eagle wings upborne to heaven ascend;
> Thou shalt behold his face, thou shalt his name adore,
> And praise the wonders of his grace for evermore."

A SONG OF THE JOURNEY

WILLIAM A. QUAYLE. Scotch Melody. Arr. by EDITH M. McCARTY.


1. I am go-ing on my journey, glad with joy from dawn to dark, With the
I am drinking at those fountains whence the living waters flow, I am
D. C. And I know not a - ny trou-ble; for I have the tempest's King To
1
2
Fine.
spi-rit of the morning and the car-ol of the lark:
hearing heaven's music as a- (omit) - - - - long my way I go.
change my winter's fury to the (omit) . . . . gladness of His spring.
D.C.
And my heart is full of laughter like the sing-ing of a psalm;
My sky bends blue a - bove me with its wind of even-ing balm;

2. I have heard my Master calling, and His voice is music sweet;
And He bids me march right forward, nor dream of a retreat.
He says His Land of Beulah lies before me out of sight,
Where reigns the deathless daylight never shadowed by the night.
He bids me do my duty, though humble it may be,
And do what thing lies nearest in glad humility;
For Christ is one that serveth, and thinks no service mean
That helps the world's endeavors to help its heart be clean.

2. So I walk highways and byways; and my hands are rough with toil,
As I try to make a garden out of hard, infertile soil;
But I see God's flowers a-growing where there grew no flowers before,
And my life is full of gladness, and I work God's work the more.
Bless God! My lot is holy like a temple with its calm;
And I envy not an angel with his harp-song and his palm;
For I am God's own helper; and He calls me by my name,
And says my work is holy as a sacrificial flame.

3. So I go along my journey, glad with joy from dawn to dark,
With the spirit of the morning and the carol of the lark:
For I drink at those bright fountains whence the living waters flow,
And I hear heaven's gladsome music as along my way I go.
And my heart is full of laughter, like the singing of a psalm;
My sky bends blue above me with its wind of evening balm;
And I know not any trouble; for I have the tempest's King
To change my winter's fury to the gladness of His spring.

A PRAYER

AND Thou who art the Blessed God art Author of the Blessed Life, as is fitting. Our life is become as Thine, for are we not made partakers of the Divine nature? We glory in the cross—Thy cross. Its height sublime lifts like the majesty of God, only sweet with tenderness and shoreless compassion. We thank Thee humbly yet boldly for what Thou hast brought to us of strength and courage and balm and ministry and meaning to life, and swiftness of movement in all those things which make for the bettering of the world. We love Thy ways and Thy words. We love our brethren in the Christ. Their presence does us good as doth a medicine. We long for all the fullness of God. Lead us up and out. Bring us into close fraternity with whatsoever things are pure, honest, and of good report.

Make our love for God increasingly apparent. May our religion be wholesomely human as well as graciously divine! Lead us all along our way. Know the way we take, and we will trust Thee to guide us aright, nor complain what circuit the journey makes.

We love Thee, and would ask for grace to love Thee more; for art not Thou, O Christ, the desire of all nations? and to Thee shall all flesh come.

Receive our praises and our love, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

CHAPTER XIV

The Immortal Society

"But we are come to an innumerable company of angels"

SOME DAY

"Some day," I say when my heart is aching,
And life is a-tremble like wounded bird;
"Some day," I say when my heart is breaking
With all the dull pain of hope deferred;

"Some day," I say in my prayer of pleading,
"When clouds have all caught strange glow from the sun,—
My heart shall stay all its wounds and bleeding,
And all this lone waiting and hoping be done."

"Some day," I say; and my eyes forget weeping,
And smiles kindle joy where tears lately stood;
"Some day," I say, "I shall pass to God's keeping,
And all the sad way of my journey seem good."

PALPABLY the fleets of earth are scattered by the violent winds of death. We voyage together, and on a sudden the seas grow turbulent, and our ships part company and we sight them no more; and half wrecked, or wholly, we crash upon the shore in wreckage. Nay, nay; but find the shore a long line of peace, a haven where the scattered fleets at last are reunited. Such a shore is heaven. No sea's wild threnody of moaning can ever break behind this harbor-bar.

Heaven is a fact. No myth is it; though if a myth, it is as beautiful as wings that bear a tired saint up to heaven and God. I love to think on heaven. I rest me dreaming on its holy fellowships, its eternal reign with Christ. Heaven is a society. I think it surely is a place, and I like the location of it; for heaven is where Jesus is,—

> "A place where falls not hail, nor rain, nor any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows rudely; but it lies
> Deep meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns,
> And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea."

The Christian differs from all others in that he owns to-morrow. He lives a tireless life.

There lies a knight upon the field of battle, dead. His casque is shattered, his helmet cleft in twain. His shield is dented with the mighty strokes of the mad onset. His spear is now broken, a fragment at his side. Materialistic thought declares the knight to be as much a fragment as his shivered spear; but the transcendent philosophy of immortality asks, What matters now a spear, a shield, since he who used to wield them has gone unto that tournament where spear and shield are needed nevermore? Man is immortal; he is a fountain that would fain spring up into eternal life. Here he is, a harp unstrung, which ofttimes makes strange discord; but, restrung by the mighty Master's hand, across those chords shall sweep symphonies of imperishable beauty. He is a prince disguised, whose principality is broader than the limits of the world. He is: he knows not all he is to be. And yet he feels a prescience within him that time's weak bars shall vainly try to shut him in, but that, with pinions spread, he

shall leap with glad exultance back unto the heart of God. And thus, swallowed up in the Divine, the æons of God's years shall pass by him with footsteps swifter than that of falling star, nor leave a single age-impress on his immortal forehead.

Do we not see how this adds and must add to the value of time and character and love and friendship; how it does, like a sunset, flash glory on every spire and window-pane and woodland, and floods all the world with a bewildering glory? Only, our sunset fades! Nobody can love as a Christian can. Christian society runs out into the life to come as a promontory runs out from the coasts of earth, and stretches into the very climate of heaven. I knew an aged minister of the gospel who, for fifty-eight years or more, had, without interruption, preached the "blessed gospel of the blessed God." He was old, and his hair was very silvery. He had been valiant and gracious. He was a man of singular purity and manliness. To know him was to love him, and to know him longer was to love him more. He lay dying, and I sat be-

side his bed. His had been eloquent lips, but now his enunciation was indistinct. I leaned my ear close to his lips and listened intently. He talked on; his hands seemed to me to be knitting nervously together, but I did not understand him. His hands were, in truth, repeating the unspeakable poetry of his life. Finally, I caught his words, and they were these. He spoke brokenly, but was saying, "Take—eat—this is—my—body—broken—for—you;" and what I had thought was nervousness in the dying man of God was his hands breaking and passing the bread of life. Finally he said, "I am—so—tired—I can not—dismiss—the people—I am—so tired." And his hands fell on the coverlid, and his lips ceased their babbling and were still. And in a little while he was sitting at the Lord's table in heaven. Does not Christianity make a life like this truly an immortal life, and was not such a death a day of feasting and rejoicing? Christianity enhances everything. It emboldens thought, endurance, and love. It puts new stress—that is to say, immortal value—on things and men and moralities and devotions.

And Tennyson had half-light and more upon his heart when he wrote:

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea;

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

For we are putting out to sea; a voyage and a haven! Enoch Arden, when he lay dying, on a sudden called, "A sail! a sail!" and Enoch Arden was right. A sail, to bear him to his babe, a ringlet of whose hair he had worn upon his breast for many years, and thought to bear it to his grave; a sail, to carry him to where the

Christ, who had strengthened him and helped him in his heroic unselfishness, would meet him and welcome him; "A sail! a sail!" to bear him

"To where beyond these voices there is peace."

Heaven is a wide society. Be sure of that. We shall know and be known; for did not the three disciples know Moses and Elias talking with Jesus on the transfiguration mountain? And they had never seen them until that hour. Surely we shall know, and we shall know as we are known; and so the poet sings:

"Knowing as I am known,
How I shall love that word:
And oft repeat before the throne
Forever with the Lord."

And Muhlenberg sings, in solemn and majestic music:

"There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet,
While anthems of glory unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul."

And we shall know them! Bunyan says, sighting the Delectable Mountains, and the more delectable company, "Which when I had seen I wished myself among them." True; so must we

all; and in good time, please God, we shall. "Immortality is brought to light through the gospel." Christianity has immortal society. Thank God! thank God! And in that endearing poem of friendship, "In Memoriam," Tennyson says:

"There no shade can last
In that deep dawn behind the tomb,
But clear from marge to marge shall bloom
The eternal landscape of the past:

A lifelong tract of time reveal'd;
The fruitful hours of still increase;
Days order'd in a wealthy peace,
And those five years its richest field.

O Love, thy province were not large,
A bounded field, nor stretching far;
Look also, Love, a brooding star,
A rosy warmth from marge to marge.

That each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general Soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shalt still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet:

And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good,
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of Love on earth?"

Society! "We shall all be poets then," sings Mrs. Browning; and I quite believe her, for to talk of heaven turns all of us into poets and rhapsodists; and no wonder, for the thought of heaven thrills us like the touching hand of God. For in that country we shall have sight of Jesus, "whom, having not seen, ye love." And we are told that we shall see his face. That is society, and to that we come. And the apostle has told us a great, pathetic, yet triumphant saying, "We are come to an innumerable company of angels."

Surely there is society in heaven. All best things are there. All great servants are the sons of God; and they are there. Gurdon Robins sings:

"There is a land mine eye hath seen
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright, that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glories fraught;

A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;

It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.

There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God."

Our life loosens its hold, and becomes tattered like a tattered tent, whose story Mrs. Miller tells:

"O soul of mine! thine earthly home
At best is but a tent,
A moving habitation frail,
Just for the journey lent:
Sometimes in flowery meadows pitched,
In Beulah's pleasant land,
And sometimes on the mountain's crest,
Or on the desert's sand.

O soul of mine! the tempest oft
Beats on the fabric frail;
The stakes are loosened, and the cords
Strain widely in the gale;
The canvas yields—thro' many a rent
Thou may'st the blue sky see;
A few more nights, and 't will be pitched
No more on earth for thee.

O soul of mine! has Jesus gone
Thy mansion to prepare—

A home eternally to stand
In matchless beauty there?

Then may'st thou calmly watch the signs
Of ruin and decay;
Soon the last cord will wear in two,
Then Christ and heaven for aye!"

And here is a true heart's hope and hunger and prayer, in one of the sweetest lyrics that ever fell from Whittier's thought:

"When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting:
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting,
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music all about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long."

Now, poems are necessary when one talks of heaven, because the poets, being seers of visions and dreamers of dreams, will say the greatest things in the noblest fashion, and see the noblest truths in their right relation.

Poetry must have a voice when one speaks of heaven. How the hymn sings, saying:

"No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more."

And the gates of heaven shall not be shut. Hear the Scriptures say: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall

be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful."

"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it."

"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him: and they shall see his face; and his name shall be in

their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever."

I can hear Bishop Foster say yet, "Even now I can hear its deep diapason, the ebb and flow of its deathless music."

Yea, our Christ is there. "And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it."

We are told our citizenship is in heaven, and heaven is the heart's dear home. All good and joy and laughter and holy life are there; and I shall append, as postlude, these verses:

No night is there!
Though night is here whose darkness fills
The hollows of life's rugged hills,
No night is there!

No night is there!
Here, shadows stand thick-ranked as men
When bugle calls to war; but then,
No shadows there!

No night is there!
No dark hours filled with tears and pain
As pools are filled with Autumn rain;
No night is there!

No night is there!
Along heaven's sky forever fair
Floats deathless morning free from care,—
No night is there!

No night is there!
Then heart, through sorrowing, grow strong;
These glooms are deep but last not long,—
No night is there.

A PRAYER

THOU who livest and wast dead, we bless Thee. We believe Thou art the Resurrection and the Life, and that, gone from among us these many, many years, Thou hast been making ready a place for us, so that when we came all things might be in good readiness and in waiting like a mansion for its expected lord long absent on a dangerous journey. Thou knowest my name long since, and hast never forgotten it; even Thy hands are writ with it. Thou art making ready for me. This is too good for truth, yet also too good not to be all truth. Thou hast promised, and Thou keepest faith with the puniest of Thy children; wherefore I take great, sure encouragement. Heaven is my home. I am tried betimes and almost spent with the stress of battle and of climbing the rugged way; but Thou dost promise a rest for the people of God, among which I humbly hope God may have counted me. The soul's everlasting rest! How high the word and topless! I shall meet Thee on a morning, and my mother,

"Loved long since and lost awhile."

How sweet the meeting! I shall be faint with the long march, and with blood spilt in the long war; but one look on Thee (for we shall see Him as He is) will refresh me more than a plunge in the fountain of life.

If I have broken faith with Thee, my Lord, forgive me. If I have been coward when the fight was on, forget that in Thy courtesy of love. If I have shamed Thee by my dim perceptions of Thyself and Thy service, as I have, forget this also. Thou knowest that I love Thee. Be near me while I stay yet a little longer where clouds gather and the tempests storm. Be near me when I grope in the valley of the shadow of death; sow it with glory. Meet me on the threshold of the land which is very far off. Let me walk into heaven with Thee, and let me keep Thee before my eyes while eternity sings its endless psalm, and there I will love Thee and worship for ever and ever. Amen.